

Saturday August 8 1998

Algeria DZ 120	Greenland GR 120	Qatar QA 120
Andorra AD 120	Guinea GN 120	Romania RO 120
Angola AO 120	Hungary HU 120	Saudi Arabia SA 120
Argentina AR 120	Ireland IE 120	Senegal SN 120
Australia AU 120	Italy IT 120	Seychelles SC 120
Austria AT 120	Japan JP 120	Sierra Leone SL 120
Bahamas BS 120	Korea KR 120	Singapore SG 120
Bahrain BH 120	Latvia LV 120	Slovakia SK 120
Belarus BY 120	Lithuania LT 120	Slovenia SI 120
Belgium BE 120	Madagascar MG 120	Spain ES 120
Belize BZ 120	Malawi MW 120	Sweden SE 120
Benin BI 120	Malaysia MY 120	Switzerland CH 120
Bhutan BT 120	Maldives MV 120	Taiwan TW 120
Bolivia BO 120	Mali ML 120	Tanzania TZ 120
Bosnia and Herzegovina BA 120	Mauritania MR 120	Togo TO 120
Brazil BR 120	Mauritius MU 120	Tunisia TN 120
Bulgaria BG 120	Mexico MX 120	Turkey TR 120
Burkina Faso BF 120	Moldova MD 120	Uganda UG 120
Burundi BU 120	Monaco MC 120	Ukraine UA 120
Cambodia KH 120	Montenegro ME 120	USA US 120
Cameroon CM 120	Netherlands NL 120	USSR RU 120
Canada CA 120	New Zealand NZ 120	Yemen YE 120
Cape Verde CV 120	Norway NO 120	Zambia ZM 120
Czech Republic CZ 120	Oman OM 120	Zimbabwe ZW 120

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INTERNATIONAL

NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Melissa Benn in Saturday

The future is female

G2 with European weather

Prince of Wales on:

Why I hate modernism

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Also in Saturday

Art slave of New York

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US vows to bring bombers to justice after scores die in East Africa attacks

Carnage at the embassies

Gary Young in Washington and Lucy Hamman in Nairobi

PRESIDENT Clinton yesterday launched an international hunt for the perpetrators of two murderously effective car-bomb attacks on United States embassies in Kenya and Tanzania which left scores dead and more than 1,000 injured.

He vowed from Washington that the US would bring the bombers to book: "These acts of terrorist violence are abhorrent, they are inhuman... We will use all the means at our disposal to bring those responsible to justice no matter what or how long it takes."

Last night, a special task force of FBI agents and communications personnel was flying from Andrews Air Force base near Washington to Africa, the Pentagon said, after bombs exploded at the embassies in Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam. A Marine Corps anti-terrorism security team was being sent to help in the investigation.

There was no warning and no group claimed responsibility for the attacks on the two lightly guarded embassy buildings, according to the state department in Washington. But there was speculation that the explosions were the work of Middle Eastern Islamic extremists.

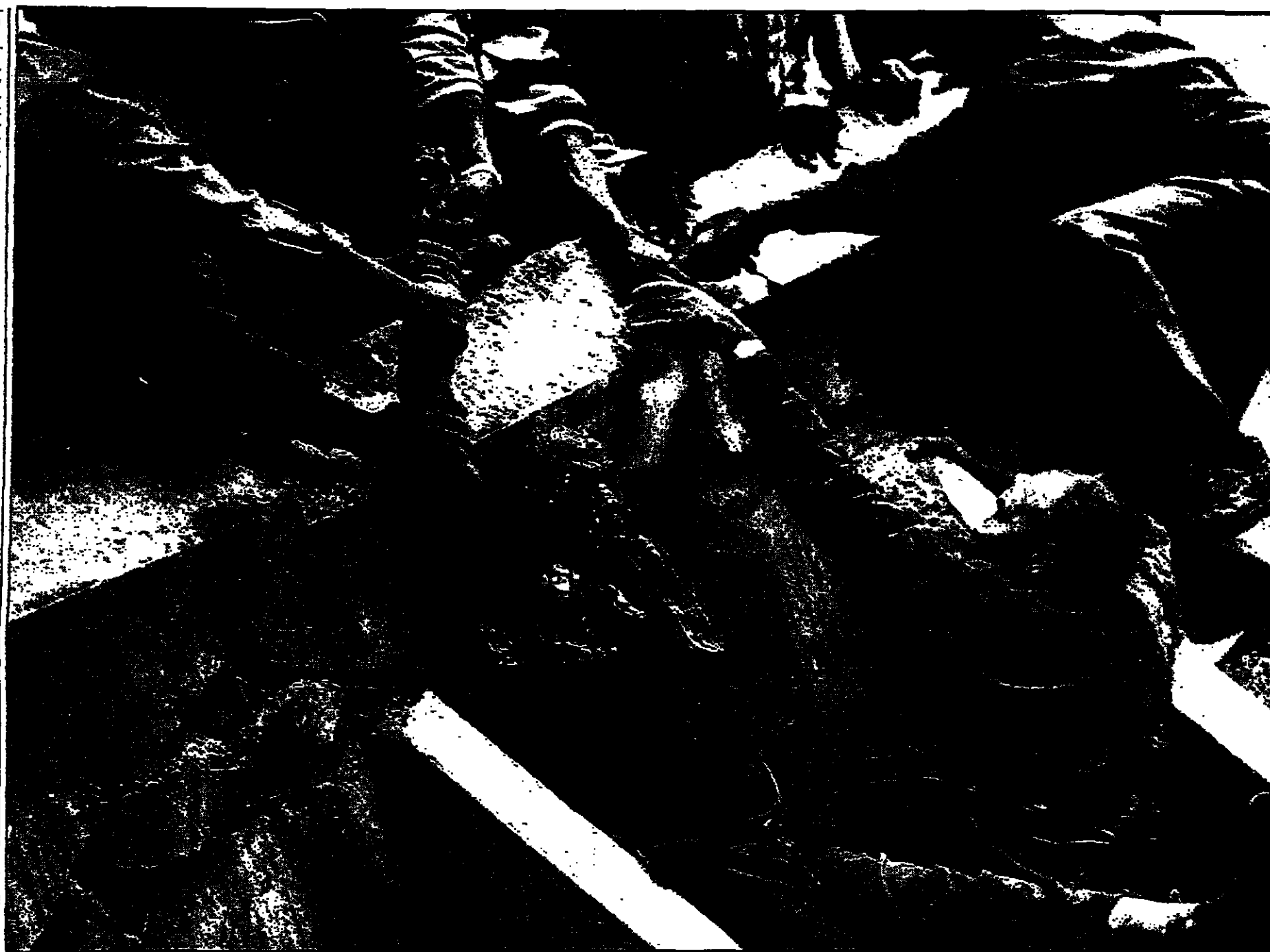
The deadliest attack came in the Kenyan capital at 10.45am local time. Two car bombs are believed to have exploded within seconds of each other. Minutes earlier, at 10.40am, the first blast had come in the Tanzanian capital, Dar-es-Salaam.

Up to 80 people died in the Kenyan and Tanzanian blasts, most of them local people. In Nairobi, many bodies were still in the debris of the US embassy last night. Overall, more than 1,000 people were injured.

At least eight Americans were among the dead in Kenya and a ninth was missing, presumed dead. The ambassador, Prudence Bushnell, was found covered in blood after the rescue after receiving hospital treatment.

Two buildings took the full force of the blast, the US embassy and, behind it, Utundi Co-op House, which contains a secretariat college and offices. Utundi House collapsed, floor by floor, crushing its occupants. The embassy's reinforced five-storey structure survived but its rear-facing rooms were reduced to a series of blackened shells.

Office workers, cut by glass, streamed away from the scene and a trail of blood



A victim is pulled from the blast scene yesterday near the US embassy in Nairobi. Explosions in the Kenyan and Tanzanian capitals left at least 45 dead

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE MULLA

'These acts are abhorrent, they are inhuman. We will use all means at our disposal to bring those responsible to justice'

President Clinton

'Kenya is not at war with any country and we don't deserve this kind of tragedy'

President Moi

led back to the US embassy. Six buses gutted by the blast lay in nearby Hiale Selassie Avenue, the driver of one thrown, dead, halfway through his window.

In Dar-es-Salaam, the second soft target to be hit, police said the blast came from a car parked near the American embassy in a residential suburb on the outskirts of the city. They said, as well as the six known dead — three of whom were local embassy employees — 87 people were injured.

Medical supplies and doctors were being flown to Nai-

robi from America's Ramstein Air Base in Germany, and from South Africa.

Appearing on national television to extend his sympathies to the families of the victims, the Kenyan president Daniel arap Moi, expressed disbelief that such terrorist acts had happened in Kenya. "Kenya is not at war with any other country and we don't deserve this kind of tragedy," he said.

In the speculation about who was responsible for the explosions, suspicion focused on the Egyptian fundamentalist movement, Islamic Jihad, which earlier this week is-

sued a threat against the US for what the group claimed was the CIA's role in helping extradite four of its activists from Albania to Cairo.

"We warn the Americans that their message has reached us," an Islamic Jihad communiqué said. "The response that we want them to read with care is high, for we shall write it, God willing, in a language which they understand."

Another possible perpetrator was Osama bin Laden, the exiled son of an enormously wealthy Saudi merchant family. Until recently at least, he

was based in Afghanistan.

Mr Bin Laden is wanted by American investigators in connection with the truck bombing of a US barracks building in Saudi Arabia in June 1996, and an attack on the US military buildings in Riyadh the previous year.

The scene in Nairobi in the aftermath of yesterday's blasts was one of utter chaos. Smoke rose hundreds of feet into the air, and emergency services battled with each other and with civilians to get to the survivors.

Thousands of shocked people looking for relatives and

friends filled the streets, as security forces tried to throw a cordon around the blast area, helped by locally based British troops. Paramilitary soldiers and hundreds of police were at the chaotic scene.

Gesturing at dazed and bloody survivors crumpled on sidewalks and in the road, a local man, Wilberforce Marjara, asked: "How can someone think of doing this kind of thing?"

Embassy bombings, pages 4-5
Leader comment, page 8

'This is horror. Nobody knows what to do'

Much of the rescue effort fell to ordinary people lacking leaders or plans, **David Gough** reports

ON THE ground outside Nairobi's Masarba Hospital lay Nthuri Obed, his white shirt turned darkest crimson and hanging from his shoulders in threads. "The hospital is full," he said, blood dripping from a head wound. "They say they cannot let me in." It was the third he had tried. First Kenyatta National Hospital, then Nairobi Hospital, said there "was no room, with hundreds of casualties needing treatment in the city."

Finally, at Masarba, a nurse came out and ushered him through the crowds of anxious people waiting outside.

Mr Obed was travelling to work by bus when the Nairobi bombs exploded. "It was as if the whole world had collapsed," he said. "The bus was blown across the road. Glass was flying everywhere. The woman sitting next to me was very still. I think she was dead."

At the explosion scene, hundreds of volunteers streamed over the remains of the four-storey building that bore the brunt of the main blast, next door to the US embassy. Before 10.35 yesterday morning, the building was the site of a secretariat college and small offices; soon after, it was two floors of rubble.

Desperately, the volunteers searched for survivors, but mostly what they did was shout at each other. Suddenly a man digging alone on one corner of the building, Utundi House, began shouting. "He's alive, he's alive," the man repeated over and over again. The watching crowd fell quiet, holding their breath as more volunteers moved to help him dig.

When a man was pulled from the rubble, there was an enormous cheer from the crowd. People started clapping.

Everywhere there was chaos. Hundreds of policemen and soldiers hurried about the scene searching for a leader, someone who could tell them what to do.

Paul Matia, an opposition MP, pleaded with rescue workers to organise their efforts. "This is a disaster," he said, "made worse by

complete lack of co-ordination. Look who is working to save the victims, it is left to the ordinary citizens."

"We are trying to do whatever we can to help," said a Red Cross worker, "but look around — there is no organisation, nobody knows what is going on."

More and more victims were pulled out of the rubble and people stopped in their cars to drive the wounded to the hospitals. Ambulances — few and far between — tried desperately to burst through the cordon of people gathered at the scene. A helicopter flew too close to one damaged building, causing more shards of glass to come crashing down to the street. "This is horror," said a St John Ambulance man. "There is no co-ordination here, nobody knows what to do. Meanwhile, people are dying."

An American official sat furiously outside the shattered embassy building wearing a flak jacket and holding an automatic rifle. He ran his fingers repeatedly through his hair, turning every so often to look up at the ruined building. Then he started to cry.

Shouts could be heard from people trapped in the embassy building, but the ambulance that eventually arrived could not get past security bollards blocking the street. A solitary British soldier grappled with a concrete bollard, desperately trying to prise it loose.

British soldiers rushed into the embassy with stretchers and whatever tools they could lay their hands on. When they came out 10 minutes later, one stretcher bore a headless body and the second, a man still alive and groaning —

but with half of his face missing.

"I thought it was an earthquake," said an official from the embassy. "I was conducting a meeting in my office and suddenly all hell breaks loose."

At Kenyatta National Hospital, the capital's main medical facility, the scenes were as chaotic as at the explosion site. Corridors were choked with stretchers and makeshift beds. Doctors and nurses ran frantically from one room to another, the floors were awash with blood.

Relatives frantic for news clamoured to be allowed inside but security guards locked the big metal doors. An old woman wailed and then began shouting at the security guard.

"You have my son in there," she screamed. "I don't even know if he's dead or alive."

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The end in view... But the AA says: 'We expect all the major roads to coastal resorts to be busy' PHOTOGRAPH: ROGER BAKER

People hoping to make the most of today's heatwave are warned to beware the journey to the coast

Gerard Seenan

IT IS four days since summer finally arrived, at least in parts of Britain, and this weekend its traditional accompaniment is set to follow. Salt and pepper sunny weekends and traffic chaos.

Motoring organisations warned drivers hoping to escape muggy cities for the coastal resorts to prepare for a different reality. Huge tailbacks, road rage

and grumpy children fighting in the back seats are what could await them.

"We expect it to be extremely busy and congested on the roads. People have been starved of sunshine for the last two or three months and now they are going to be hitting the traditional resorts," a spokesman for the AA said.

"We expect all the major roads to coastal resorts to be busy and we would ask people just to be patient and take some cold drinks for

the car. Also, check your oil, petrol and a map before leaving home — that will minimise the chance of problems."

Yesterday a crash on the M6 near Stafford in which a van driver died caused 15-mile tailbacks on approaches to Spaghetti Junction in Birmingham.

The AA advised drivers travelling today to expect tailbacks on the southbound M5 towards Cornwall, where there are roadworks between junctions 18 and 19. Big delays are expected on the M4/M5 interchange and the A303 through the West Country. The A165 into Scarborough and the M6 into Blackpool are likely to be other trouble spots.

There was also bad news from the Met Office. Today's soaring temperatures could be followed by rain. Andy Yateman, a spokesman for the Met Office, said today's temperatures would be among the highest of the year. "A few places will reach 30C. This is seven or eight degrees above what we are used to for this time of the year. You could call it a mini heatwave, especially compared with what we have had so far."

There was a strong possibility of rain to come, however. "There is a chance of cloud developing and showers appearing, and by Wednesday next week there could be showers anywhere."

BBC in fight to broadcast M16 'Gadafy plot' details

Richard Norton-Taylor

THE BBC was last night locked in intense negotiations with government lawyers over its plans to disclose new details relating to an alleged plot by M16 to assassinate the Libyan leader, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi.

Throughout yesterday the BBC argued that its new information should be published in the public interest, subject to the need to protect the safety of individual intelligence agents.

After submitting the content of a special BBC television Panorama investigation, the Treasury Solicitor — acting for the security and intelligence agencies — conceded further information could be disclosed. But the day was taken up by a virtually word-by-word examination of the proposed programme.

The international row surrounding attempts to gag former M16 and M16 officers has been going on since Thursday the Guardian published allegations made by Mr Shayler of a failed attempt to

assassinate the Libyan leader two years ago. He claimed that agents placed the bomb on the wrong car in Gaddafi's cavalcade and several bystanders were killed.

The allegations were first published in the New York Times.

Mr Shayler, in a Paris jail pending extradition to Britain where he faces charges under the Official Secrets Act, said yesterday he was in prison for "telling the truth" and it was "astonishing" that the Government was trying to prosecute him.

In a statement read out by his lawyer, John Wadham, outside the gates of a Paris prison, he added: "The matters that I have brought to the attention of the public are vital issues for our democracy. It is clear that M16 is acting outside government control."

"M16 and M16 should not be allowed to hide behind secrecy legislation. Presumably other people in M16 and M16 know the details of this story and are being asked to examine their consciences."

Mr Wadham, who is also the director of the civil rights

group Liberty, read out the statement after his first visit to La Santé jail, where Mr Shayler has been detained since his arrest last weekend.

"He'll definitely plead not guilty," Mr Wadham said after a 90-minute meeting in the prison. He added that Mr Shayler, aged 32, was willing to stay in prison "to prove any revelations that were made were in the public interest".

He said Mr Shayler was staying in a "VIP suite" in the prison and was able to talk with other prisoners.

In a separate development British police Special Branch officers yesterday searched a New Zealand hotel room where Richard Tomlinson, a former M16 officer, is staying, seizing his computer disks, mobile phone, portable stereo and papers relating to his trial.

Mr Tomlinson, who was recently released from a British jail after conviction under the Official Secrets Act, was this week served with a gagging injunction by the New Zealand authorities at the British government's request.

Police entered his room when he returned to an Auckland hotel after being prevented from travelling to Australia by the New Zealand authorities.

"New Zealand police, acting upon a request from the Metropolitan Police service, searched a premises in Auckland occupied by a 35-year-old man in connection with inquiries in relation to the Official Secrets Act," a Scotland Yard spokeswoman said yesterday.

Two Metropolitan Police service officers were present during the search of the premises.

"If they want to keep me quiet they are going the wrong way about it," Mr Tomlinson said. The presence of British officers at the scene was a "waste of taxpayers' money", a Foreign Office spokesman said. "Mr Tomlinson was taken off an Australian-bound aircraft in New Zealand. This would appear to be a matter for the Australian immigration authorities and has nothing to do with the British police."

Libyan exile linked to M16 plot, page 6

'British ER' casts shadow over Brookside

Janine Gibson Media Correspondent

IT IS arguably the most dramatic storyline yet for the inhabitants of Brookside. Close. Forget lesbian kisses, explosions and bodies under patios, Channel 4 is now developing a soap opera that is to replace the long-running drama if it fails to halt the decline in its ratings.

The new twice-weekly soap is to be produced by the makers of This Life, World Productions. Described by insiders as "a British ER", it is

based around a hospital. It is in the early stages of development and unlikely to go on air until next year. Several members of the BBC's EastEnders team have been brought in to work on the new soap.

Former EastEnders series producer Jane Harris and four other storyliners and script editors from the BBC 1 soap have joined the independent production company. World chairman Tony Garnett confirmed yesterday that he is working on a "volume show of this nature".

Channel 4 chief executive Michael Jackson commis-

sioned This Life from World when he was controller of BBC and is known to have great faith in the production company. Insiders say that he is developing a new soap in case Brookside doesn't recover from its current slump.

A Channel 4 spokeswoman said yesterday that there was "absolutely no question over Brookside's future" — the soap's contract runs for another three years.

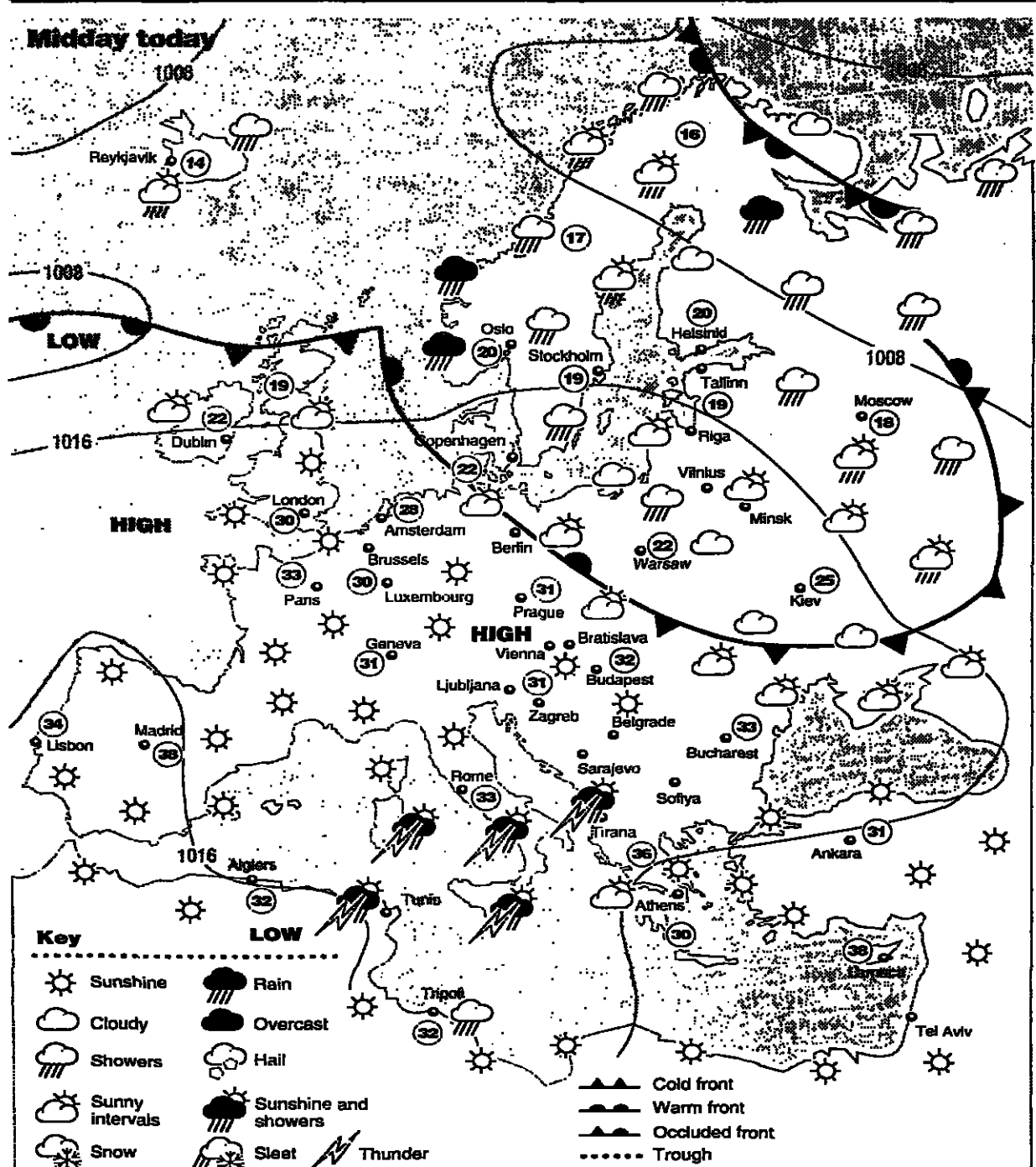
In the week ending July 19, it dropped below 3 million viewers for each of the three episodes, with the Saturday

omnibus edition attracting less than 2 million.

Brookside has been behind the scenes at Brookside as producer, Ric Mellis, has been removed from the show by its creator, soap guru Phil Redmond. Mr Redmond is understood to have taken back the reins.

Brookside has been the staple of Channel 4's schedule since its launch in 1982. However, since joining the channel Mr Jackson has conducted a ruthless review of the schedule and is unlikely to let the soap's poor ratings performance continue unchecked.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

City	Today	Temp	Wind	Weather	City	Today	Temp	Wind	Weather
Algeria	32/20	S	10	Sunny	London	22/14	S	10	Sunny
Amsterdam	24/14	F	10	Cloudy	Manchester	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Antwerp	24/14	F	10	Cloudy	Nottingham	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Berlin	27/19	S	10	Sunny	Paris	24/14	F	10	Cloudy
Birmingham	21/13	S	10	Sunny	Rome	31/18	S	10	Sunny
Bristol	21/13	S	10	Sunny	Seville	34/20	S	10	Sunny
Cardiff	21/13	S	10	Sunny	Stockholm	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Edinburgh	21/13	S	10	Sunny	Toronto	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Glasgow	21/13	S	10	Sunny	Warsaw	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Leeds	21/13	S	10	Sunny	Zagreb	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Liverpool	21/13	S	10	Sunny					
London	22/14	S	10	Sunny					
Manchester	21/13	S	10	Sunny					
Nottingham	21/13	S	10	Sunny					
Paris	24/14	F	10	Cloudy					
Rome	31/18	S	10	Sunny					
Seville	34/20	S	10	Sunny					
Stockholm	21/13	S	10	Sunny					
Toronto	21/13	S	10	Sunny					
Warsaw	21/13	S	10	Sunny					
Zagreb	21/13	S	10	Sunny					

Around the world

City	Today	Temp	Wind	Weather
Algeria	32/20	S	10	Sunny
Amsterdam	24/14	F	10	Cloudy
Antwerp	24/14	F	10	Cloudy
Berlin	27/19	S	10	Sunny
Birmingham	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Bristol	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Cardiff	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Edinburgh	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Glasgow	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Leeds	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Liverpool	21/13	S	10	Sunny
London	22/14	S	10	Sunny
Manchester	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Nottingham	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Paris	24/14	F	10	Cloudy
Rome	31/18	S	10	Sunny
Seville	34/20	S	10	Sunny
Stockholm	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Toronto	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Warsaw	21/13	S	10	Sunny
Zagreb	21/13	S	10	Sunny

European weather outlook

A mix of sunny spells and showers, and later on there will be steady rain falling in over southern Norway while Denmark turns drizzly. However south-east Sweden should stay dry with the best of the sun. Temperatures will range from 18C in northern Finland to 22C in Copenhagen. Low countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland.

Clouds will drift across the Netherlands and northern Germany but most places will see lots of sunshine. It will be hot with maximum temperatures between 27 and 30C.

France.

Unusually hot across the whole country with temperatures mostly between 30 and 35C. Around Brittany and along the northern coasts it will be a little less hot at 27-29C.

Spain and Portugal.

Hot sunshine everywhere with the temperature rising as high as 40C in inland areas. Afternoon showers will cool the coastal areas, with a maximum temperature between 31 and 34C. Northern coasts of Spain will be a little lower than that.

The north will stay sunny and hot with temperatures between 33 and 36C, although coastal areas will be a little less hot due to a cooling afternoon sea breeze. The south, Sicily and Sardinia will be hot and humid but there will be thundery showers, giving heavy downpours locally.

Greece.

In the north-west there may be thundery showers developing but most of the country will have hot sunshine. Athens will be hottest with a high of about 36C; coastal areas will experience slightly lower temperatures, especially in the east where a brisk breeze will blow through the Aegean Sea.

Television and radio — Saturday

Channel	Time	Programme
BBC 1	8.00am	The Movers, 8.25 News, 8.30 Saturday Morning, 8.40 Free Will, 8.55 The Saturday Show, 9.00 News, 9.15 The Saturday Show, 9.30 News, 9.45 The Saturday Show, 10.00 News, 10.15 The Saturday Show, 10.30 News, 10.45 The Saturday Show, 11.00 News, 11.15 The Saturday Show, 11.30 News, 11.45 The Saturday Show, 12.00 News, 12.15 The Saturday Show, 12.30 News, 12.45 The Saturday Show, 1.00 News, 1.15 The Saturday Show, 1.30 News, 1.45 The Saturday Show, 2.00 News, 2.15 The Saturday Show, 2.30 News, 2.45 The Saturday Show, 3.00 News, 3.15 The Saturday Show, 3.30 News, 3.45 The Saturday Show, 4.00 News, 4.15 The Saturday Show, 4.30 News, 4.45 The Saturday Show, 5.00 News, 5.15 The Saturday Show, 5.30 News, 5.45 The Saturday Show, 6.00 News, 6.15 The Saturday Show, 6.30 News, 6.45 The Saturday Show, 7.00 News, 7.15 The Saturday Show, 7.30 News, 7.45 The Saturday Show, 8.00 News, 8.15 The Saturday Show, 8.30 News, 8.45 The Saturday Show, 9.00 News, 9.15 The Saturday Show, 9.30 News, 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Bravehearts of Derry look to Hollywood

Rory Carroll reports on plans to turn the Apprentice Boys into celluloid heroes in blockbuster on city's epic siege

FIFTEEN thousand Apprentice Boys will today participate in one of the biggest film pitches of all time when they parade round Londonderry's walls — part of a campaign to turn their commemoration of the city's siege into a rebranding of loyalism, culminating in a Hollywood blockbuster.

By compromising with nationalist residents of Bogside over the route of the annual march, with only a token number of Boys attending a wreath-laying ceremony at the Cenotaph in the Diamond, they hope to earn the moral authority to make celluloid heroes of the 17th-century Protestant defenders.

Repackaging a defeat for Catholics as a victory for democracy could turn the story of the 1689 Siege of Derry into a politically correct historical epic to rival Braveheart, Apprentice Boys leaders said.

Protestants, they said, needed a worldwide public relations offensive to undo the malign image wrought by another loyal order, the Orange Lodge, during the marching season, which degenerated into violence at Drumcree last month.

Derry city council and the Northern Ireland Film Commission have backed the idea. Independent film-makers are interested but need the backing of a major studio.

A time-travel plot set dur-

ing the siege has been considered by the Oscar-nominated Nerve Centre studio, but the Apprentice Boys would prefer a conventional retelling in which their ancestors are depicted as doughty freedom fighters triumphing over King James II's attempt to restore absolutism.

To have a worldwide cinema audience rooting for Ulster Protestants would, they say, balance the republican movement's slick propaganda which portrays them as bigoted oppressors. It might even redeem a catch-phrase coined during the siege: No Surrender.

"It took a while but eventually Hollywood made the Indians the goodies and the cow-

boys the baddies, so why not us?" said Tony Crowe, an Apprentice Boys committee member and local historian.

Alistair Simpson, governor of the Boys, said they had paved the way by reinventing their annual march, which Catholics branded triumphalist, into an inclusive re-enactment of a rich and shared historical event.

Last year's pageant at the memorial hall has been beefed up into this year's Maiden City [Derry] festival.

Proof of the rebranding's success was the financial backing of the nationalist-dominated city council, including Sinn Féin, said Mr Crowe. The fact that the lifting of the siege paved the way



Mel Gibson leads the heroics in the film Braveheart, above left, which Apprentice Boys see as a model for an epic film on the Siege of Derry, above. Such a blockbuster, they claim, could help transform the tarnished image of Ulster Protestantism

for nearly 300 years of Protestant supremacy was no longer a stumbling block.

Last week's compromise with the Catholic Bogside residents over the route and number of marchers has minimised the likelihood of violence today and further rehabilitated the parade as a cross-cultural celebration.

But the ultimate goal is a feature film, the bigger and more expensive the better.

"It's got all the ingredients of a great epic movie," said Mr Crowe. "You've got famine, pestilence, battles, rash youth, romance, betrayal, rescue, internecine strife, the city's relief — my goodness, there's so much."

Pearse Moore, a Derry-

based producer, said the narrative could be turned into a viable screenplay. Once the opening was right, only a creak could screw up the drama and suspense, he said.

The story begins with James II withdrawing a Protestant garrison and attempting to replace it with a Catholic army. The 30,000 Protestant inhabitants panic as the army advances on the city, but 13 apprentice boys seize the keys to the city and slam the gates in the face of the advancing soldiers. And the longest siege in British military history begins.

When James is deposed he sets up base in Ireland to regain his throne. But Derry continues to resist. A boom

across the river Foyle prevents supplies reaching the starving city. But a boy smuggles messages through enemy lines and two ships smash the boom and relieve the siege.

Richard Dallas, a Boy and former mayor, has well advanced casting ideas for the film: Liam Neeson for the swashbuckling Adam Murray who sets forth from the city to wreak havoc on the Irish, Alan Rickman for the dastardly Colonel Robert Lundy who led 10,000 Protestants to defeat, and Gene Hackman for the patrician governor, George Walker.

In the hope of exploiting Washington's ties with Hollywood Mr Dallas will pitch the

film when Newt Gingrich, possibly followed by Al Gore, visits next week.

Historian Brian Lacy said he would forfeit copyright to facilitate a film but said it was important to distinguish between the siege and its commemoration. "The Apprentice Boys were founded in 1813 in a climate of opposing Catholic emancipation."

Catholics are banned from the Boys and Derry remains divided between Catholic and Protestant.

One member of the Bogside Residents' Group said the Boys needed a reality check. "They're asking us to celebrate the siege as if it was Rome's Drift. They're forgetting we were the Zulus."

Tale of strife, betrayal and romance

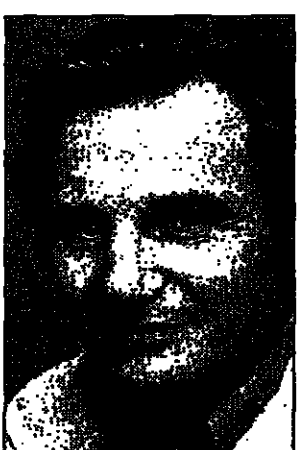
How Derry film producer Pearse Moore sees the history of the siege as material for a film script:

First, an explanatory text: It is December 1689. As part of his campaign to restore Catholics to positions of power, King James II removes Derry's Protestant garrison and sends a Catholic army in its place. The inhabitants, Protestant settlers, fear a massacre. As the army approaches they throw the streets in panic, unsure what to do.

Then the action: Out of the crowd bound 13 young men, apprentices. They seize ammunition and the keys of the city and slam the gates against the advancing soldiers. Derry is about to endure the longest siege in British military history.

Inside the fortified walls are 30,000 people, mostly refugees, with 7,500 able-bodied men organised into a citizen garrison of eight regiments, each assigned to guard a part of the city. Cannons are positioned on the walls while trees and houses are cleared to deny the enemy cover.

Outside, the 20,000 besieging Jacobites set up a number of batteries. Desperate while frantic negotiators try to avert conflict, but they are overtaken by fate. William of Orange lands in England and in the Glorious Revolution deposes James,



Liam Neeson: ideal as dashing Adam Murray



Alan Rickman: chosen as dastardly Colonel Lundy



Gene Hackman: seen as Governor George Walker

who sets up base in Ireland to regain his throne. Derry backs William and becomes a strategic pawn on which hinges the destiny of Europe.

Under Lieutenant Colonel Robert Lundy, later deemed a traitor, a force of up to 10,000 Protestant men are defeated and retreat inside the walls. Two English regiments sent by William to relieve Derry return to England, their numbers swollen by defenders who believe the city is about to fall.

James rides towards the gates to urge surrender when the defenders fire — an unprecedented defiance of a reigning king with a divine right to rule. He retreats and in dreadful

weather, on April 24, 1689, the bombardment begins. Mortar rain down on houses, killing 600 people. Injuries, disease and starvation kill up to 10,000. A fat man senses cannibalistic stares as food prices rocket: dog head (fattened by eating the bodies of slain Irish) 2s 6d, cat 4s 6d, rat 1s, mouse 6d, horse blood 1s, chickweed 1d.

Heroics abound. Adam Murray sallies from the city wreaking havoc on the poorly equipped Irish, who dig sod huts for want of tents. Their Muscovite and French allies suffer two generals killed. The defenders lose a fortified windmill but retake it amid savage fighting.

Twice in June the Jacobites try surprise attacks and are beaten back. A new French general leads Protestants against the walls hoping they will be taken in and deplete food stocks. He backs down when the defenders threaten to execute prisoners.

A boom across the river Foyle prevents supply ships reaching the city, so they remain in Lough Foyle. A small boy smuggles messages between the fleet and the city through enemy lines. At the end of July two ships, the Phoenix and Montjoy, smash the boom and amid jubilation relieve the city. Crushed, the Jacobites march away and a legend is born.

Meter man thought he was made

Ex-warden milked machines of £156,000 'to buy wife's love'

Gerard Seenan

IT was the perfect ruse: give up the day job as a parking meter inspector, but keep the uniform and the equipment to support the wife's extravagant lifestyle by illicitly emptying the meters of loose change.

For Nicholas Stratford, the scheme appeared to be going exactly to plan. He managed to pocket £156,000 from pay and display machines, enough to transport his modest east house near Wokingham, Berkshire, into a luxury home complete with a swimming pool, conservatory, new kitchen and a bedroom extension — and more than enough to keep his wife in the manner to which she was accustomed.

Then it all went wrong. And on the day he was arrested, his wife left him.

Stratford, aged 33, resigned from his job at Hounslow borough council in west London in 1996 — but kept his electronic pass and uniform. Then he used them on successive Saturday afternoons.

"He kept some items including a photocopy of his identity pass and an electronic device for use in connection with the pay and display units," said prosecutor Irena Ray-Crosby at Isleworth crown court.

After he left, the borough's officials spotted dramatically declining takings in the parking meters. They began watching the meters.

"Officers saw him drive into the Treaty Centre in

Hounslow," said Miss Ray-Crosby. "He had a bunch of keys on a long silver chain and he was emptying pay and display machines and putting the money in the boot of his car. It was all amounts in small denominations."

"The following week they watched him go to different levels in the car park and empty the units. Asked what he was doing, he said 'I have been emptying the units. I work for the council'."

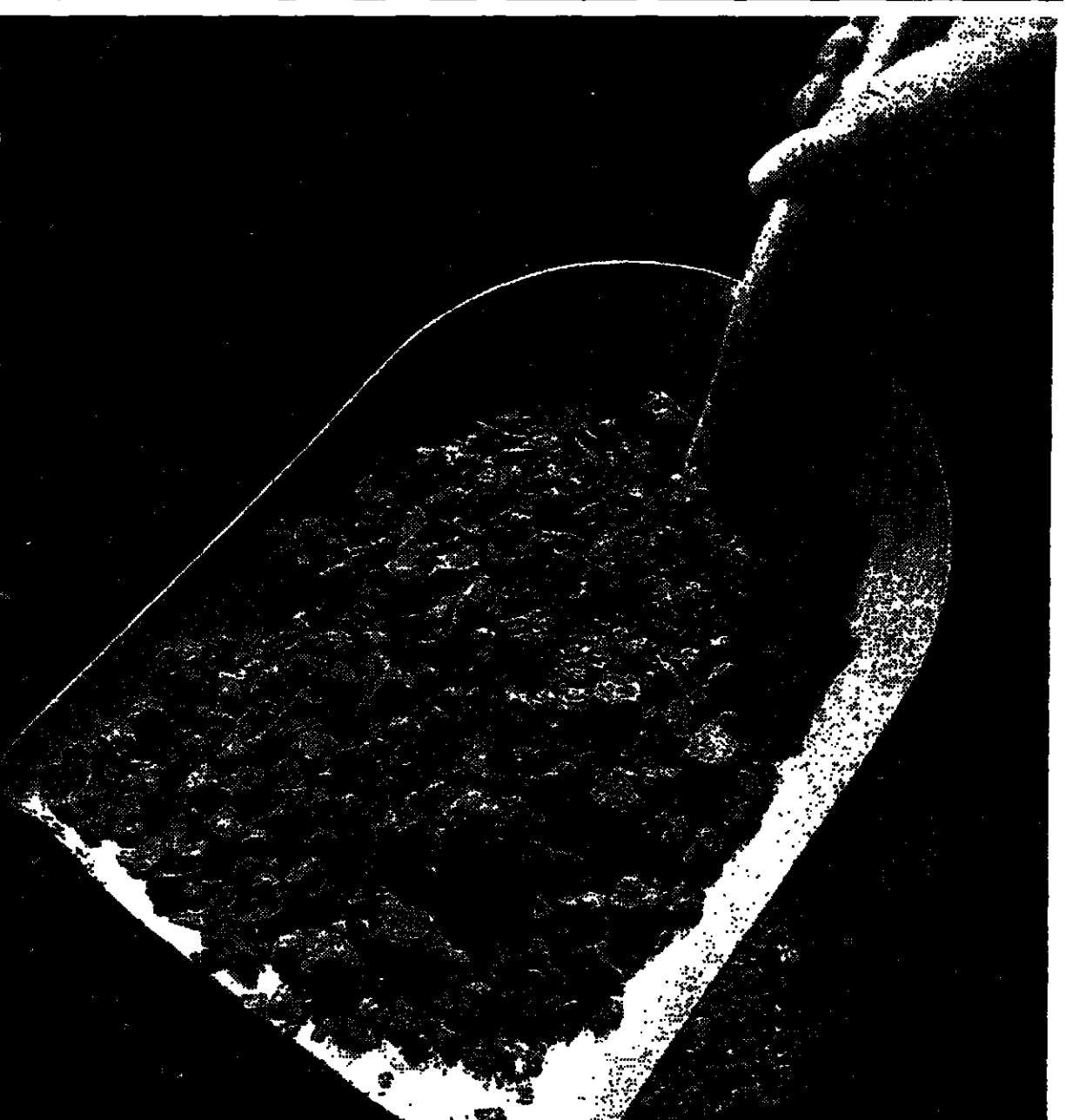
Later he told police that he had accrued £17,000 worth of debt in a previous marriage, and that he needed all that loose change to keep his new wife happy.

Stratford had been running a disco, which collapsed, said Miss Ray-Crosby. "His second wife pressurised him into keeping up a lifestyle he could not possibly afford. He described himself as buying love. She wanted more material things than he could possibly afford."

When police investigated his finances they discovered that, despite his modest £15,000 salary, he had monthly commitments of £2,758 alongside loans and credit card bills totalling £28,488. The loose change went a long way.

He had various building works done at his house, a conservatory, a new kitchen, a swimming pool and an extension to his daughter's room. Not to mention the £2,000 holiday to Florida and another already booked. He kept £1,000 cash in his car and a further £300 was found in his house.

Stratford admitted five charges of theft and one of going equipped to steal. He went to the dock as he was jailed for 18 months. Hounslow council is also taking out a civil suit in an attempt to retrieve the money — probably in somewhat larger denominations than those which Stratford took.



If you'd like to know more about our unique whiskey, write to us for a free booklet at the Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352 USA.

OUR RICKERS SAY the charcoal used to mellow Jack Daniel's is ready when it rattles in the shovel.

Stacking and burning a rick of hard maple wood into charcoal takes a strong back and a sharp ear. We prize these qualities in our rickers, because charcoal is what makes Jack Daniel's so rare. We grind it, tamp it into room-high vats and then gently seep every drop through it. We've done so since 1866. It may seem we go to a lot of trouble to smooth our whiskey this way. But after a sip, you'll be glad we do.

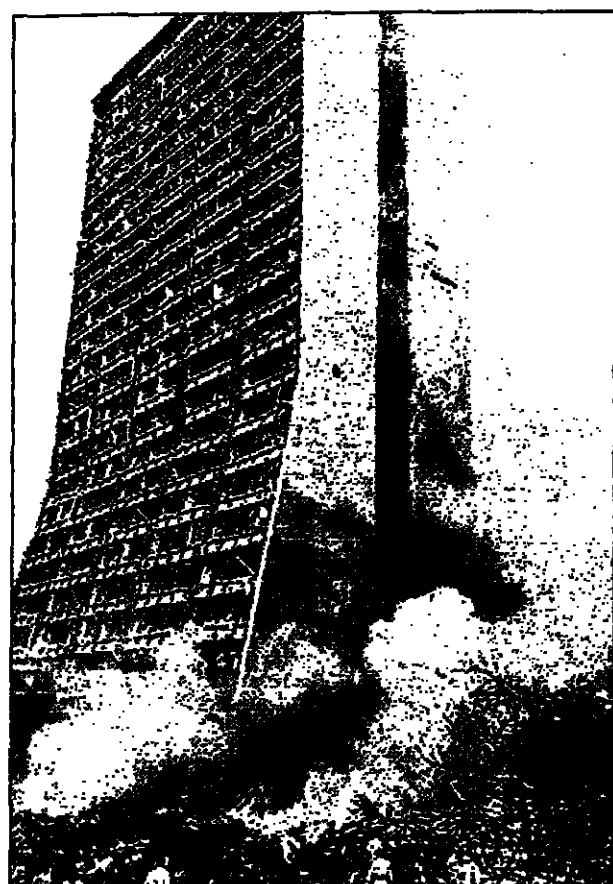
JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY



TOMORROW



Not bad
Anna Friel
interviewed by
William Leith



A man bloodied by the car bombing in Nairobi (left) helps the US ambassador, Prudence Bushnell, from the damaged US embassy. She was slightly hurt. The huge explosion also shook a bank and sent smoke rising several storeys high. President Bill Clinton, who vowed to bring the bombers to justice for acts of 'abhorrent' violence, prepared to dispatch US marines and air force planes to help Kenya's relief effort

MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: SAYYOD AZIM

'We do not forgive. We do not forget. We will leave no stone unturned'

US fury/Clinton woken at 5.30am. Within hours the hunt was started as America focused on international violence instead of presidential sex

FLAGS flew at half mast on US government buildings worldwide yesterday as Americans woke to find that they remained the principal target for global terrorism. President Clinton was woken at 5.30am with news of the attacks on US embassies in the Kenyan and Tanzanian capitals. He ordered an immediate investigation into who was responsible. Within hours, federal investigators and a specially trained team of marines had been dispatched to the area. The US air force had requested that a surgical team be sent from its base in Ramstein, Germany, to Nairobi with a surgical team and medical supplies to help in the recovery from the blast.

"We do not forgive. We do not forget. We will leave no stone unturned until we have found those responsible," said a spokesman for the national security council, P. J. Crowley. "We have taken great precautions to upgrade our embassies around the world and will continue to do so. But this was a well co-ordinated attack not carried out by amateurs." Mr Crowley refused to be drawn on the principal suspects. The secretary of state, Madeleine Albright, flew back from Italy, where she planned

to attend a wedding, while a congressional delegation on its way to Congo was diverted for its own safety. Ms Albright said the administration "will spare no effort to use all means at our disposal to track down and punish the perpetrators of these outrageous acts". The Republican House Speaker, Newt Gingrich, added his voice to the universal condemnation and urged the Clinton administration to step up its fight against international terrorism. "This should be a reminder to all of us that it is a dangerous world as we enter the 21st century. We need much better human intelligence, much

more sophisticated efforts to go after terrorists and others," he said. Given their relatively cordial relations with both African governments, the state department was yesterday searching for a motive for the explosions at the "low-risk" embassies. "There has been no evidence of dissent by local groups," said Benjamin Gilman, the chairman of the House international relations committee. "Apparently, it's some message we haven't heard yet." The US ambassador to Tanzania, who was out of the country on holiday when the bombs went off, said: "Something like this happening in Tanzania is just totally unexpected." Both the Kenyan and the Tanzanian authorities were said to be helping the US with the investigations.

News of the attacks pushed the Monica Lewinsky scandal off the airwaves and today's front pages, as the nation turned its attention away from the lurid tales of sex in the Oval office. Instead Americans have been confronted with accounts about the charred bodies of their dead compatriots being dug from rubble on the streets of Africa, and their vulnerability to attacks outside the US. For the first time in more than two weeks, the White House briefing did not start with the president's sex life. The human tragedy in east Africa also gave Mr Clinton an opportunity to play to his political strengths, as an international statesman and the nation's healer, which he put to such effect following the Oklahoma bombing in 1996. With the president due to testify on August 17, the ques-

tion mark hanging over his sexual misdemeanours will not go away. But the next few days will give him the opportunity to illustrate in practice what Democratic pundits have been saying since the sexual scandal broke — that whatever his personal failings, Mr Clinton is still a competent and popular president. Interrupting a bill-signing ceremony in the White House rose garden, Mr Clinton branded the bombings "cowardly acts" and vowed to bring the bombers to justice "no matter what or how long it takes". US installations have continued to be a main target of recent terrorist attacks. Last year a third of all international acts of terrorism were aimed at the US.

Report by Gary Younge in Washington

The Observer

education

Every Tuesday in the

The Guardian INTERNATIONAL

مكتبة الامم المتحدة



An injured man is taken from the wreckage after one of the blasts in Nairobi yesterday morning. Up to 80 people were feared dead in three huge car bombs aimed at the United States embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. PHOTOGRAPH: GEORGE MULALA

Kenyan doctors face 'deluge' of the injured

Victims/Hospitals and clinics are being overwhelmed by the number of casualties, whose identity is unknown

STRIDING past prostrate bodies in the resuscitation unit, Mike Sheldon, chief administrator of Nairobi Hospital, grasped a newly compiled list of more than 300 names and tried to compose himself before appearing in front of distraught relatives and friends milling around outside.

The sheer amount of horrific injuries caused by the blast seem to challenge the imagination as much as the technical capacity of the hospital.

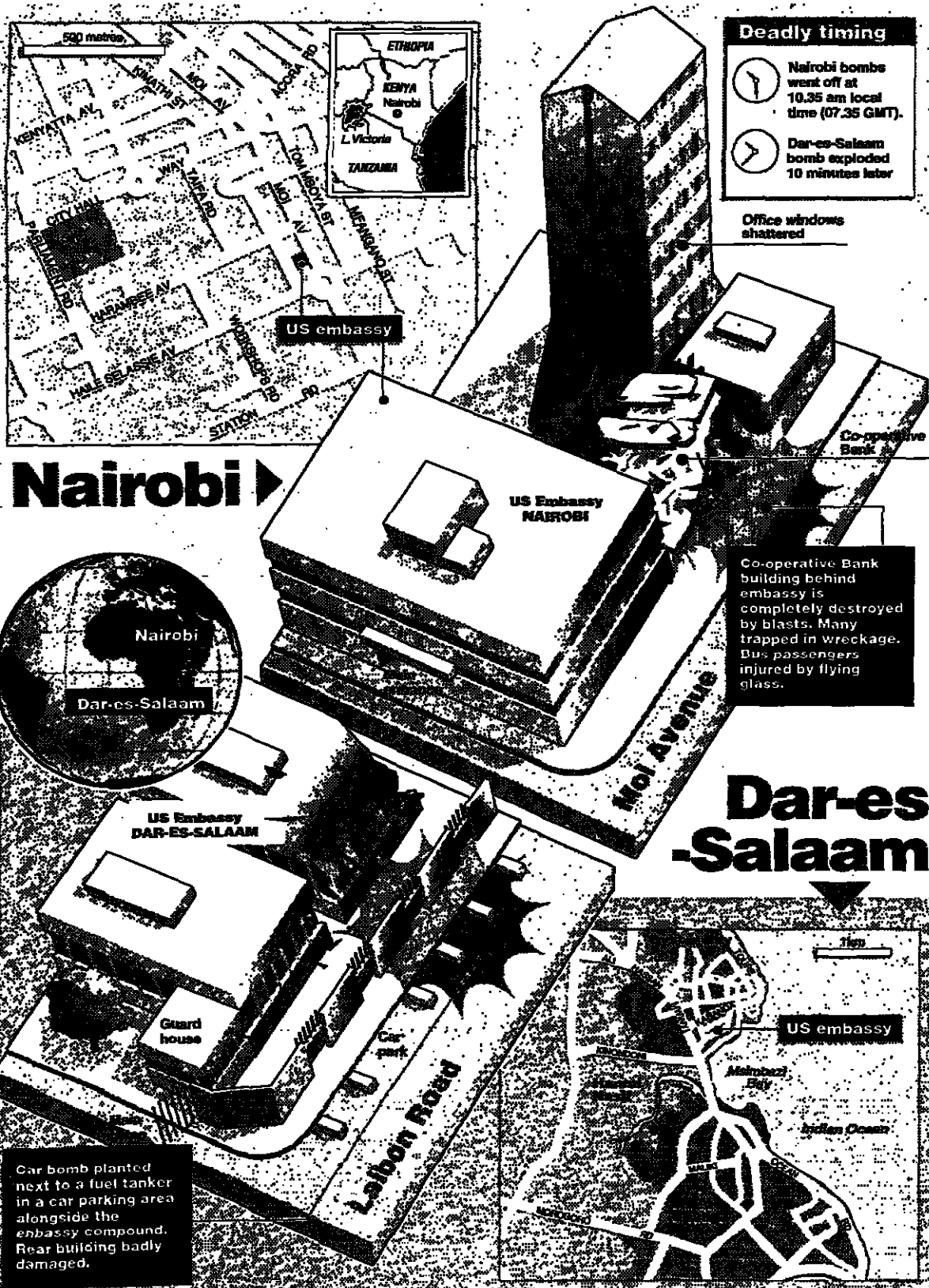
"I have never experienced war, but this..." he ended the sentence with a hopeless gesture. He described the scene immediately after the blast: "There was a deluge of people streaming with blood."

The emergency accident procedure at Nairobi Hospital can cope only with 50 injuries at one time. Mr Sheldon explained. But by yesterday afternoon at least 300 people had been treated. "We treat now and worry later."

Hundreds of people seeking the injured or dead packed the hospital compound, scanning lists of patients posted on the pillars outside the casualty ward. Hospital workers used microphones to speak to the anxious crowds.

"You are not able to see the wounded but give us a name and we will tell you where they are and how they are." But the next announcement was less comforting, relaying descriptions and scraps of information, such as a telephone number found on an unidentified victim.

The sisters Anne and Agnes Mburu said their family had split up to search the city's hospitals and clinics for their relative Joyce Kaman, aged 42. "We can't get to the blast area to search for her, and we have called her house, and we have looked at the lists, but we have found no



West scents the hand of Islamists behind outrages

Suspects/ Difficult job of disentangling Middle East's web of militant groups begins

AFRICA had never seen the like of it. The apparently co-ordinated blasts in Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam caught US diplomats and their African hosts unawares. Security at the embassies was lax compared to the fortress mentality exhibited in more troubled parts of the world.

"It may have been for that reason the east African capitals were chosen. African officials and international analysts suggested yesterday.

"We may do a lot of inhuman things in Africa, but there's no tradition of this," said an African diplomat in Tanzania. "I don't think the idea for these bombs originated in Africa."

Last night, as no one claimed responsibility, tentative fingers began pointing to the Middle East, normally the backdrop for attacks on US outposts and scenes of carnage of the kind witnessed yesterday.

There is no shortage of suspects among the region's array of Islamic extremist groups, all theologically committed to a holy war, or jihad, against the US and its allies.

But all these groups overlap in their ideology, funding and state sponsors — an "Islamic International" network active from Afghanistan to Europe. If yesterday's bombs were planted by Islamists, a combination of organisations and governments probably played a role.

Earlier this week an Egyptian fundamentalist movement, Islamic Jihad, issued a threat against the US for what it claimed was the CIA's role in helping extradite four of its activists from Albania to Egypt, where they were wanted on terrorist offences.

The Islamic Jihad communiqué said: "We warn the Americans that their message has reached us and a response is nigh which we want them to read with care, for we shall write it, God willing, in a language they understand."

Jihad's leader, Ayman al-Zawahiri, is based in Afghanistan, but his group is reported to have received training in Sudan, one of Kenya's northern neighbours. Sudan's government has repeatedly been accused by the US of being both a hot bed and crossroads for the world's terrorist organisations.

Report by Lucy Hannan in Nairobi

US under fire

JUNE 1998: Truck bomb kills 19 US soldiers and wounds nearly 400 people at a US military complex near Saudi city of Dhahran. **NOVEMBER 1995:** Suicide car bomber at US intelligence centre in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, kills five.

APRIL 1995: Car bomb destroys Federal Building in Oklahoma, killing 168. **FEBRUARY 1993:** Six people killed and more than 1,000 injured by bomb under World Trade Centre in New York.

JUNE 1998: Car bomb in Athens kills US embassy official.

NOVEMBER 1987: Bomb attack by MRTA guerrillas damages US embassy in Panama. No deaths.

DECEMBER 1985: An Arab suicide hit-squad attacks US and Israeli check-in desks at Rome and Vienna airports. Twenty people, including four guerrillas, killed.

AUGUST 1985: Car bomb kills two and injures 20 at US base in Frankfurt. US soldier murdered for identity papers found next day.

DECEMBER 1984: Suicide bomber attacks US embassy in Kuwait, killing four.

NOVEMBER 1984: Bomb attack on US embassy in Colombian capital Bogotá kills passer-by.

OCTOBER 1983: Suicide car bomb attack by radical Muslims on HQ of US peacekeeping force in Lebanon kills 241 US servicemen.

APRIL 1983: Hizbullah suicide car bombing of US embassy in Beirut kills 63, including 17 Americans. *Research by Reuters and HSM Guardian R&I*

Islamic Jihad has hitherto been a small player on the fringes of Islamic extremist politics, overshadowed by the Gama'a al-Islamiya (Islamic Group) whose terrorist attacks have been designed to destabilise Egypt's secular government. Jihad, by contrast, had not been thought capable of large-scale, co-ordinated attacks.

However, in February Mr El-Zawahiri helped form the Islamic Front for Jihad against the Jews and Crusaders, an ultra-militant group dedicated to attacks against Israel and its Western supporters, particularly the US. The moving force behind the Islamic Front is the world's arguably most wanted man, Osama bin Laden, a Saudi construction tycoon turned terrorist impresario. From his Afghan refuge, he runs a private army of Arab

veterans of the Afghan war — the mujahedin — and is suspected of bankrolling Islamic militants throughout the Middle East and beyond.

He is wanted by American investigators in connection with the truck-bombing of the Khobar Towers US barracks in Saudi Arabia in June 1996, and an attack on US military buildings in Riyadh the previous year. Both were large-scale car-bomb attacks with at least superficial similarities to yesterday's double outrage.

In a television interview less than two months ago, the 45-year-old exile vowed to carry out more attacks against Americans.

"We do not differentiate between those dressed in military uniforms and civilians. They are all targets," he told ABC-TV.

Some Arabic press reports in recent months have said Mr Bin Laden has mended his relations with Sudan's leader, Hassan al-Tourabi, who expelled him in 1996.

Washington still views Sudan as a dangerous refuge and conduit for terrorist groups. Reports surfaced earlier this year that some training camps were still being run in the Sudanese desert, mostly for Palestinian extremist organisations such as Hamas and the Palestinian Islamic Jihad. Neither group has struck at US targets in recent years; instead they have concentrated exclusively on Israel.

US suspicion will also fall on Libya, another long-term supporter of international terrorist organisations. In the 1980s Muammar Gaddafi cornered the market in Semtex, buying more than 1,000 tons of the explosive. The US and Britain suspect Libya of orchestrating the bombing of Pan-Am flight 103 over Lockerbie in 1988.

Despite the election in Iran of a moderate cleric, Mohammed Khatami, as president last year, Tehran is still thought to take an active role in funding and training a number of Islamic fundamentalist movements, spearheaded by the Lebanese group Hizbullah. It is thought to have carried out the 1982 bombing of the US embassy in Beirut and the US marine headquarters there the next year.

Possibly in co-operation with Mr Bin Laden, Iran also helped set up a Saudi branch of Hizbullah, whose activists are suspected of carrying out the Riyadh and Khobar bombings.

Julian Borger in Jerusalem, Chris McGreal in Arusha and David Hirst in Beirut



Snow and Father Christmas is probably the last thing on your mind in this weather, but today Harrods department store in London begins selling Christmas decorations — mainly, it says, for the convenience of shoppers from abroad. Those who want to meet Father Christmas himself, rather than the snow dome above, must wait until November

Hard line on gay sex 'strengthens ecumenical bond'

Madeline Bunting
Religious Affairs Editor

THE headline stance on homosexuality taken by the Lambeth Conference will help Anglican relations with Muslims and Catholics, said the Archbishop of Canterbury yesterday on the last day of the Anglican Communion's gathering in Canterbury.

Reviewing the three weeks of debate and prayer among the 735 bishops from all over the world, George Carey welcomed Wednesday's resolution maintaining that homosexuality is incompatible with scripture. But he said the decision allowed for acceptance of homosexuals in the Church and continuing dialogue with them. "We have been quite open about acknowledging our differences. We have worked hard, and the result, while restating a traditional position on homosexual practice, clearly includes homosexual people in the Church."

He spoke after bishops involved in the campaign for blessings of same-sex relationships and the ordination of practising homosexuals — both expressly ruled out in the conference resolution — admitted their bitter disappointment at the fundamentalist interpretation of scripture. The Rt Rev Richard Holloway, Bishop of Edinburgh, said he had been deeply frustrated by Wednesday's debate and did not recognise such fundamentalism to be part of Anglicanism.

But Dr Carey, who threw his weight behind the conservatives in the debate to declare homosexuality a sin, said: "We mustn't polarise on this matter. It is not simply a cultural matter, of the West versus Africa or the First World versus the Third World. On this issue, the rifts move through all the churches. What we must do is continue to listen to each other and the experience of homosexuals, while they must continue to listen to us. I believe that what we have said will help the mission of the Church. It is going to help those in Muslim countries. It is also going to reassure our ecumenical partners where we are positioned in matters of our theology and sexual morality."

The Vatican's envoy to the conference, Cardinal Edward Cassidy, warned at its start that any softening of the Anglican Church's position on sexuality would threaten Anglican-Catholic relations. Many of the strongest opponents of homosexuality came from countries where there is bitter confrontation between Christians and Muslims, such as Nigeria, Sudan, Pakistan and south-east Asian states.

But the setback for liberals will be felt keenly in North America, where there are many actively gay and lesbian clergy, particularly in difficult inner-city parishes. The presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church of the US, the Rt Rev Frank Griswold, who has admitted ordaining gay priests, refused yesterday to say he would stop doing so. The Lambeth Conference cannot enforce its rulings.

"We will have to go back to our Church and figure out how it becomes part of our experience," said Bishop Griswold. "The resolution, which is likely to provoke disillusionment in many dioceses. The Rt Rev Catherine Roskam of New York warned in the debate that the resolution was "evangelistic suicide" in her diocese.

Some bishops believe this Lambeth conference could be the last of the 10-yearly events, because of the cost and logistics of running them. Given the growth of the Church in Africa, numbers are likely to exceed already overstretched capacity at the University of Kent in 2008.



'We must continue to listen to homosexuals, who must continue to listen to us'
George Carey, above

There are also complaints that such international gatherings should not be just for bishops. Dr Carey has suggested that a more representative event, recognising the importance of the laity, should take place early next century, perhaps in Africa.

Scots Guards next to be freed under peace deal

As Mountbatten killer is released amid protests the Government seeks to appease loyalist side

Rory Carroll

TWO Scots Guards jailed for murdering a Belfast teenager are likely to be the next prisoners released in the Government's struggle to appease republicans and loyalists without provoking victims' relatives.

Yesterday's condemnation of the release of the IRA bomber who murdered Lord Mountbatten signalled the start of a two-year roll-call of atrocities as notorious killers emerge from Irish jails under the Good Friday accord.

Mo Mowlam, the Northern Ireland Secretary, is expected this month to announce the release of James Fisher, aged 28, from Ayr, and Mark Wright, 24, from Arbroath. They were jailed for life in 1995 for shooting Peter McBride, 18, as he ran from an army foot patrol. The soldiers claimed he appeared to be

holding a home-made bomb, but no device was found.

In May, a High Court judge in Belfast rejected a move to bring forward a review of the sentences but asked why other soldiers convicted of killings had been freed after shorter sentences.

The first prisoners freed under the Good Friday accord will be home by the end of August — before Fisher and Wright emerge from Maghaberry prison, Co Antrim.

The Northern Ireland Office does not expect a repeat of the rioting which erupted in 1995 after Private Lee Clegg was released after serving two years for the murder of a Belfast teenager. Victims and relatives are braced for the first batch of up to 420 IRA, UDA and UVF Maze prisoners due for release.

Long-serving inmates expected out within a year include Patrick Magee, the Brighton bomber, Michael

Stone, who attacked a republican funeral, Johnny "Mad Dog" Adair, who masterminded loyalist attacks, and Sam McCrory, jailed for 16 years in 1982 for conspiracy to murder.

Thursday night's release from Dublin's Mountjoy prison of Thomas McMahon, 50, attracted widespread anger. McMahon served 19 years for planting the remote control bomb on a boat off the Sligo coast which in August 1979 killed Lord Mountbatten, his grandson Nicholas Knatchbull, 15, the Dowager Lady Brabourne, 83, and Paul Maxwell, 16, from Enniskillen, Co Fermanagh. The Queen was informed in advance of his release. Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party said it was an outrageous decision.

Andrew Mackay, Conservative Party spokesman on Northern Ireland, said his fear that terrorists would be released without guns or bombs being handed over had been proved right. However Paul Maxwell's father, John, backed the decision. "Peace is imperative now and we must look forward to that perhaps Paul's death and

those of thousands of others from both sides of the political divide here will not have been in vain. Keeping him in prison will unfortunately not bring my son back."

Magee twice tried to escape in the 1980s. He disavowed the IRA seven years ago and has been on daily parole from Mountjoy prison's training unit since January 1998.

He refused to comment as he was driven away. He is expected to return to his wife and two children in Co Monaghan and resume carpentry work.

Omitted from the releases are prisoners affiliated to groups with no ceasefire: the Irish National Republican Army, Continuity IRA and the Real IRA. The Loyalist Volunteer Force's ceasefire is not deemed secure enough to warrant releases.

Prisoners yesterday continued to fill in the eight-page release application form, including two pages to impress sentence review commissioners with their sincerity.

A charity, Victims of Trauma, has asked victims on both sides to sit down with former prisoners under a scheme to heal divisions.

Des res 'free' to a good home

Sarah Hall

IN THESE days of soaring property prices, it seems like a dream come true. A detached, three-bedroom bungalow — worth an estimated £70,000 — is going free to a good home.

Situated in the village of Uphampton, Wiltshire, the recently renovated property boasts a kitchen, bathroom, attic, lounge and dining room. Original features include an open fireplace — and carpets and lampshades will be thrown in.

But there is a catch. The new owner will be required to dismantle the concrete 1970s pre-fab dwelling and cart it away to be rebuilt elsewhere.

The current owners, George and Lynne Batty, are giving away their home of three years after building a permanent three-bedroom bungalow just yards away on their six-acre smallholding, Wychavon



Pre-fab offer: George Batty outside the house he is giving away to anyone happy to cart it off

district council has given the couple six months to get rid of the pre-fab.

All the future owner need do is pay a £500 retainer, to be refunded once the bungalow — which currently blocks the couple's three-

car garage — is cleared from the site. "It would be such a shame to demolish this," added Mrs Batty, which is what her husband will have to do if no one comes forward to claim it.

hope that some other detail may be remembered. She agreed to tell all she could. Keith Bennett vanished, aged 12, in June 1984. Hindley and Ian Brady, her lover, were jailed for life in 1966 for the murders of two other children.

Moors victim's brother visited Hindley in attempt to gain information

THE brother of a Moors murder victim yesterday defended the secret meetings he has held in jail with the killer, Myra Hindley.

Alan Bennett, aged 42, a storeman, said he had visited her in the hope that she could help him find his brother's

body. But his mother, Winnie Johnson, aged 64, was shocked to find that he had twice met Hindley in Highpoint jail, Suffolk. She told the Sun newspaper: "She's already robbed me of one son — now she's depriving me of another." But Mr Bennett said

he had met Hindley twice — the last time on Wednesday — to try to pinpoint the spot where his brother's remains are buried on the moors. He said he had the support of other family members and had taken maps of Saddleworth Moor and photo-

graphs to Hindley to try to jog her memory. In a statement he said: "It has been 12 years since we knew for certain what had happened to Keith. We needed to know her recollection of what happened on the night of his disappearance in the

graphs to Hindley to try to jog her memory. In a statement he said: "It has been 12 years since we knew for certain what had happened to Keith. We needed to know her recollection of what happened on the night of his disappearance in the

News in brief

Women to sue over contraceptive

AT LEAST 250 women who claim to have suffered serious side effects after using the contraceptive implant Norplant are to sue the distributors.

The contraceptive consists of thin rods inserted under the skin to prevent conception for up to five years, but is alleged to have side effects ranging from depression and paranoia to weight gain and hair loss.

Alida Coates, a solicitor with Irwin Mitchell, said a writ had been issued on behalf of at least 250 users. A test case of 10 women against the British supplier, Hoechst Marion Roussel Ltd, was expected in February at the High Court. "Most of the issues will be dealt with in these 10 cases and if the cases are successful, I would expect that the majority of the remaining cases will be dealt with through negotiations," said Ms Coates.

A spokesman for Hoechst Marion Roussel Ltd said it stood by its product, which is endorsed by the Family Planning Association and has been used by more than 55,000 women in Britain since 1983.

Family decry police 'secrecy'

THE ASIAN family of a young man allegedly murdered in a racial attack has attacked a decision not to inform them in advance of the result of an investigation into the Metropolitan police's handling of the case.

A report under the supervision of the Police Complaints Authority on the death last October of Lakshinder "Ricky" Reel, aged 20, who drowned in the Thames, will not be released until the inquest, likely to be in October.

Sukdev Reel, his mother, said: "I put my children through the ordeal of reliving Ricky's death, only to be told that we are not entitled to know the result of our complaint."

The family's solicitor Louise Christian called the handling of the case "secrecy" — the authority said it favoured disclosure and the decision lay with the police and coroner's office.

Biker Brocket's jail lesson

LORD Brocket, right, left Springhill open prison in Buckinghamshire on a Harley Davidson yesterday after serving 2½ years of a five-year sentence for an attempted multi-million pound fraud.

Since his downfall, the former playboy aristocrat has lost his home — Brocket Hall and its 5,000-acre estate — his wife, and his family.

Before driving off he said: "I'm just looking forward to a bit of normality and the freedom you really appreciate once you have been inside. It makes you reassess life and your priorities — what is important and what is not."



£15,000 wallpaper ruling

LADY Colin Campbell was yesterday awarded £15,000 against a former tenant of a flat who painted over her wallpaper.

Lady Colin, aged 48, who was the first person to write about the marriage problems of the late Diana, Princess of Wales, was claiming damages from Anna Rothach for carrying out redecoration of a five-storey house in Primlino in west London, after being expressly told she could not.

Last month Central London county court granted Lady Colin repossession of the house and more than £15,000 in unpaid rent. But yesterday the judge rejected her claim that it would be "disastrous" if she did not get £25,000 so she could have wallpaper hand-made to match the now unavailable original paper, and said £15,000 was enough.

Briton held in Portugal

A MAN aged 19 from Merthyr Tydfil, Mid Glamorgan, is being held in Portugal after an alleged bomb threat aboard a flight returning from the Canary Islands. He was arrested when the Airbus A321 Airbus stopped for fuel at Faro airport in Portugal on its homeward journey to Cardiff from Lanzarote.

An Airtrons spokesman said a search revealed no explosive devices but the flight was delayed by more than an hour; the man had also been abusive to passengers and crew.

Scottish pupils do better

PASS RATES rose to 69 per cent among more than 130,000 students in Scotland who got results of their Higher exams yesterday. The percentage gaining grade A also rose.

Libyan exile linked to 'plot to murder Gadhafi'

David Leigh

A LONDON-based exile member of the Libyan royal family, Prince Idris al-Sensal, had links both to M16, and to a coup scheme in 1996 to blow up Colonel Gadhafi's motorcade.

The disclosure comes as controversy mounts over M16's alleged role in a 1996 assassination plot of which they are accused by former M16 officer David Shayler, who is in a French jail facing charges under the Official Secrets Act.

Prince Idris was in a business relationship with a known M16 operative — the Conservative MP Harold Elletson. Idris' presence in London was supported by a group of then Conservative MPs, who also included Henry Bellingham (an aide to Foreign Secretary Malcolm Rifkind), and Conservative minister Neil Hamilton.

On September 16, 1996, Prince Idris, speaking from London in his capacity as "an opposition figure," announced to a small Washington-based news agency, Compass Middle East Wire, that there had been an unsuccessful coup attempt against Gadhafi.

He had a plan to place a bomb in the car that heads Gadhafi's motorcade, in which the Libyan leader sometimes rides a secret only a few of his guards knew. Another plan had been to have the man in charge of Gadhafi's food poisoning his glass of yoghurt. Idris said that the plots had been foiled by coincidence, when a guard was arrested for corruption and confessed. But the agency reported that there was no independent cor-

roboration of the circumstances Idris described.

Shayler, who worked on the Libyan desk of Britain's domestic security service, tells a similar story that only differs in some details from this.

Shayler says that his colleagues in the foreign secret service, (M16), tried to have Gadhafi killed: a foreign agent who was paid £100,000 by them arranged for opponents to plant a bomb under his motorcade in 1996, which killed several bystanders instead.

He also says the events happened seven months earlier. On Thursday Home Office minister, Lord Williams, insisted there was no "officially sanctioned" plot by M16. But this leaves open the possibility that anti-Gadhafi exiles supported by M16 did the plotting themselves.

The most extraordinary discovery the Guardian has made is that Prince Idris did have support from M16. One of his backers was the millionaire Blackpool MP, Harold Elletson, who was also an unpaid M16 officer.

Two years ago, Elletson's longstanding M16 connections were disclosed in the Observer. He had been reporting regularly to them on events in the Balkans and Eastern Europe.

Elletson was also working with Prince Idris. In 1993 a public relations company

Thunderbolt, of which Elletson was a director, received substantial payments on Idris' behalf to promote his cause. Elletson also declared on the MP's register in 1994 that he was being paid by Idris for "investment advice". This was part of a pattern of support Idris received from certain politicians.

A cousin of deposed King Idris of Libya, he was brought to London from Rome in 1990, after meeting John Kennedy, a Conservative candidate of Serbian extraction. Neil Hamilton interceded for him at the Home Office to get a visa on the grounds that Idris was an opponent of the Libyan regime, who feared assassination by Gadhafi.

Idris' cause to be recognised as the heir to the Libyan throne was taken up by 40 other MPs who signed a Commons motion. This was despite the presence in London of a rival pretender to the throne, Crown Prince Mohammed, who lived in St John's Wood, north-west London, and was also under British protection.

There is no suggestion Elletson was involved in plotting to kill Gadhafi. But it is inconceivable that he did not brief M16 about his relationship with the Libyan exiles. And it is inconceivable that M16 would not have been aware of Prince Idris' links to opposition activists.

Paracetamol recall over error

HALF a million packets of Paracetamol Co-op and Unilever own-brand paracetamol caplets have been recalled because labelling wrongly suggested the 500mg product was

suitable for children under six years.

The manufacturers, Laton-based Wallis Laboratory, issued the warning after a customer spotted the error.

مكتبة المجلد

Rebels close in on Africa's trigger

Tutsi forces are making gains on the Kabila regime, but Congo's neighbours could hold the decisive card, writes **Patrick Smith**

AFRICA is shaped like a revolver, wrote the Martinican writer Franz Fanon, and Congo is the trigger. Since August 1 the battle for Africa's trigger has resumed in earnest.

As rebel forces dominated by the Banyamulenge (Congolese Tutsi) forces from eastern Congo (formerly Zaïre) quickly push westwards, a new political coalition ostensibly led by a former official of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation (Unesco), Arthur Z'Ahidi Ngoma, is bidding strongly to get its fingers on the trigger.

Within days this rebel coalition has seized the two key cities in eastern Congo — Goma and Bukavu — and has been pushing to gain control of the central city of Kisangani and its airport. A flight by the state-owned Congo Airlines was cancelled on Wednesday. And fighting in the area has become fiercer since then. If successful in their attempts to seize Kisangani, the rebel alliance will have effectively cut off the government's supply lines to the east.

The rebel commander, Sylvain Bikelenge, said that his forces had captured the oil town of Muanda, on the west coast, and other units were now targeting the southern town of Kalenda, gateway to the copper-rich Shaba province.

"Our forces are moving in virtually every direction. We have moved close to the port of Matadi. We took the port of Muanda," he said.

Angolan troops were stationed earlier in Matadi to keep watch on the critical Congo-Angolan corridor with the aim of stopping supplies for UNITA rebels, led by Jonas Savimbi, passing through Congo. If the Angolans lost



Thousands attend a rally in Kinshasa in support of the embattled President Laurent Kabila's reconstruction plan for Congo. PHOTOGRAPH: BLAISE MUSAU

tary backers in Rwanda, Uganda and now, it seems, Angola, believe that he has not returned the favour by securing Congo's borders to cut off supply routes to rebel forces such as the Lord's Resistance Army and the intertribal armed militia in the east, and UNITA rebels in Angola.

Rwanda, whose north-west province has experienced a number of massacres reportedly by Hutu intertribal forces, was the first to lose patience with Mr Kabila, and started questioning his security strategy early in the year. At the end of July he snapped, and expelled all Rwandan

troops from Congo. Within days the Banyamulenge rebellion started in the east and Mr Ngoma — who is not Banyamulenge — emerged as its leader.

Mr Ngoma makes much of his independent political credentials. He launched his Forces of Future party in Kinshasa last year, but Mr Kabila immediately banned it. He was arrested at its first official meeting and was given a one-year suspended jail sentence. Mr Ngoma then left for France. Now he insists he is not a Rwandan or Banyamulenge front man. "This is not a Banyamulenge struggle. It is a struggle of all Congo-

lese." While he speaks passionately against the oppression and corruption of the Kabila regime, few are convinced by his protestations of independence.

Mr Kabila blamed General Paul Kagame's government in Rwanda for the Ngoma rebellion. "We say explicitly that Rwanda is attacking us," his information minister, Didier Mumenge, told journalists. Mr Kabila has also instructed his United Nations ambassador, Andre Kapanga, to ask the UN Security Council to condemn "the invasion" by Rwanda.

This replay the history of Mr Kabila's own military

campaign, backed by Rwanda and Uganda, against the Mobutu regime, which unsuccessfully tried, with some backing from the French government, to get the Security Council to condemn a "foreign invasion" from the east. Mr Kabila looks even less likely to win sympathy from the Security Council than his old adversary.

His best chance seems to be to convince other leaders that they should help him shore up his regime and perhaps provide a regional peacekeeping force. This is the message Mr Kabila is likely to put out at the regional summit to be held in Zimbabwe today

Kabila's old friends back new rebellion

Alex Duval Smith
Africa Correspondent

ARTHUR Z'Ahidi Ngoma, chosen on Tuesday to lead the rebels in Congo, is backed by an influential group of dissidents and at least two former high-ranking members of President Laurent Kabila's government.

Although he is accused by the government of being a puppet of the Rwandans, who it claims are behind the uprising, Mr Ngoma is not a Banyamulenge (Congolese Tutsi), nor has he been known to have close links with Kigali.

The leader of the Forces of the Future party, banned since May by Mr Kabila, says his forces are fighting for "all Congolese" against the corruption and tribalism of the regime. Their mouthpiece is the Voice of the People radio station, based in Goma where Mr Ngoma is thought to be.

A staunch opponent of the president, Mr Ngoma was elected at a meeting in Goma of the Alliance of Democratic Forces for the Liberation of Congo — the same group that toppled President Mobutu Sese Seko in May 1997, bringing Mr Kabila to power.

His election was greeted with disdain by the interior minister, Gaetan Kakindji. Mr Ngoma, he said, had "failed to be colonised by the Rwandans".

Mr Ngoma never worked with Mr Kabila. Last November, at his party's first official meeting, he was arrested for "undermining state security", after a ban on political activity. In May this year, after receiving a 12-month suspended sentence, he fled to France.

Two opposition politicians close to him, Joseph Olenghankoy, leader of the Kinshasa-based Forum party, and Anselme Massamu, were sentenced to 15 and 20 years' imprisonment.

Lewinsky's credibility put in dock

Gary Young in Washington

FURTHER details of Monica Lewinsky's testimony to the federal grand jury emerged yesterday as sources close to the case said it was unlikely she would appear again before August 17, when President Bill Clinton addresses the jury.

"She has not been excused but when she will return is entirely up to the independent counsel," her lawyer, Plato Cacheris, said.

Ms Lewinsky told prosecutors she had discussed with the president "hypothetical ways" to keep secret the affair, which involved more than 12 sexual encounters over 18 months, and together they

developed "cover stories". A clearly embarrassed Ms Lewinsky was asked intimate questions about their sexual relationship and is believed to have said that the president told her the type of sex that they were engaged in — oral sex — did not amount to "sexual relations".

She was also questioned about whether she was offered job interviews by Mr Clinton's close friend Vernon Jordan in return for her silence, and was asked several detailed questions about the dark-blue dress, allegedly stained with the president's semen, which she kept.

Her long-awaited testimony marks the end-game of the scandal that has engulfed the Clinton presidency for the past

seven months and which will reach its apogee when the president testifies by a live video link from the White House a week on Monday.

The credibility of her evidence yesterday will depend on the results of DNA tests on the dress. She handed it over and agreed to give full and truthful testimony as part of a deal with the independent counsel, Kenneth Starr, for full immunity.

If the tests, the results of which have yet to be released, can link Ms Lewinsky sexually to the president, then Mr Clinton may be forced to confess to the affair in the hope that he will be forgiven by the country. If no link is shown, the spotlight will return to Ms Lewinsky, raising serious

questions about her credibility as a witness.

In December she signed a written affidavit in the Paula Jones sexual harassment case stating that she did not have sex with the president — an assertion she contradicted yesterday. Mr Clinton has denied under oath and in public that he had a sexual relationship with Ms Lewinsky.

The focus of Mr Starr's investigation, which has lasted four years, is not whether Mr Clinton had sex with Ms Lewinsky but whether he, or his aides, attempted to obstruct justice to conceal it.

This, Mr Starr believes, would establish a pattern of conduct by the president stretching back to the Whitewater affair.

California bids adiós to bilingual teaching — without new textbooks

Christopher Reed
in Lamont, California

OUTSIDE the classroom it is 42C (108F) and many pupils' fathers, and some mothers, are not far away, labouring in fields for 12 an hour. Inside, the children's faces split into smiles as they follow a story about three little pigs and a big bad wolf.

The teacher Reyna Pérez points to pictures but reads entirely in English, although only one of her 20 pupils, aged five and six, speaks the language. These children of immigrant Mexicans sit at the forefront of a teaching experiment introduced not by educational theorists but by the popular electoral will (plus a tinge of racism) as Proposition 227.

Last November Californian voters passed a law by referendum that came into force this week for year-round elementary schools. It abolishes formal bilingual education, in which foreign children learned English gradually until they entered the mainstream at 10.

Parents are allowed to seek a waiver, but in Los

Angeles's mixed suburbs this week, predictions of mass waiver applications and classroom chaos went unfulfilled. The real test comes in classes like the one Ms Pérez is conducting in Lamont.

The Scottish surveyor Arthur Lamont McFadden would not recognise the town he founded in 1923, not because of growth, for the population is still only 14,000. But from being almost entirely "Anglo", as a destination for the "Okies" as

Pao (The Ugly Duckling), Bolas de Nieve (Snowballs), and En Mi Cuarto (In My Room) must leave the classroom — except on loan.

But Mr Bates has read Proposition 227's small print. "It does not mean you cannot use a native language at all," he says. "The key word is 'instruction'. You cannot teach in it, but you can use it to help understanding. So if you mention the civil war, you can say 'guerra civil' and then go on."

In other words, Spanish, Korean, Mandarin, Arabic, Tagalog and 80 other languages spoken in California will survive. Yet as Mr Bates argues, Proposition 227's real menace, its cruelty, is to ignore funding. Not one Californian school district has new textbooks for monolingual teaching, nor will they have for months or even years.

The new law continues an ominous trend under which Californian schools have

been starved of funds for 20 years. The state has plunged from the top six in educational standards among US states to the mid-40s.

Mr Bates has lost 10 per cent a year from his budget for 10 years, and the school is now in deficit. His school buildings are 50 years old. Meanwhile, California has built 20 new prisons.

"If this school became a prison it would be closed as sub-standard," the headmaster says.

But his 35 teachers — of whom nearly half are fluent in Spanish, a further five are fairly good, and one speaks Punjabi — will do their best to teach 630 pupils to speak English well enough for a white world that often resents them.

An official school test grades children into five categories according to their ability in English: from "extremely limited", "very limited" and "limited" to "fluent" and "advanced fluent". Lamont Elementary has 284 children in the three "limited" categories. Most speak Spanish at home and in the town they need never speak English at all.

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Security and peace

Unsolved issues fuel terror

THE BOMB blasts were — in President Clinton's words — "abhorrent and inhuman, as are all acts of violence against the innocent." In this case those who suffered the most casualties were citizens of Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam who must be remote from any possible issue which may lie behind the terrorists' actions. They take their place in a long catalogue of involuntary suffering, victims of arguments of which they were only dimly aware.

The two blasts also illustrate that even the world's greatest power cannot guarantee immunity to its own citizens from such attacks. Mr Clinton has called for "appropriate security measures", but it is inconceivable that at a time of high tension in the Middle East, US establishments abroad were not already maintaining a considerable degree of alert. As has been shown in the past — most notably in Beirut and Saudi Arabia — no embassy can be completely secure. The bomb in Nairobi was apparently

planted in an adjacent building, whose location contributed to the much higher casualties. Unless every US establishment abroad were surrounded by a large sanitised zone, no amount of direct defences could rule out the threat of a lateral attack. It may be brutal logic in the circumstances, especially for the victims' families, but the US is vulnerable precisely because of its strength.

Mr Clinton also said that the US government was determined to get "answers and justice" — a natural desire, but one which experience has shown to be extremely difficult to satisfy. After Oklahoma, there is more restraint in levelling accusations against any one militant or terrorist group and yesterday afternoon Washington was quite rightly cautious. There will be claims; there will be theories.

Few would blame any group from sub-Saharan Africa, even though the attacks took place there. The United States has its critics but no known organisation in the region seems to have the degree of frustration and despair necessary for planting such powerful bombs. Immediate speculation is focusing on the Middle East, though it is worth remembering that Islamic extremists were the first to be blamed for the bombing of the federal buildings in Oklahoma. This turned out to be false. Yesterday's terrible carnage was caused by a highly sophisti-

cated two-centre operation, co-ordinated to within 10 minutes, which must have been planned over a considerable period of time.

It is evident that the attacks come at a time of multiple tension in the Middle East, and that this area is by far the most likely source of them. The US is seen as a legitimate target by a number of players on the scene, governments as well as fundamentalist groups. Indeed, as has happened before, a group may be commissioned by a government in an operation for which responsibility is shared. A case could be built, for example, against the hardline faction in Iran, eager to poison the atmosphere in which dialogue is beginning to emerge between Washington and Tehran. And Saddam Hussein is accused of many evil intentions: could this be one of them translated into action? Finally, all conflict in the Middle East, whatever its focus or wherever it breaks out, takes place in the bitter context of a peace process between the Israelis and the Palestinians which has gone almost irrevocably wrong. There is no shortage of terrorist nominees there either.

The latest tragedy, as in previous cases, will bolster the argument of Western governments and their intelligence agencies for tougher (and more costly) measures to "fight terrorism". Certainly, terrorism has to be fought, but what happened yesterday

must be a reminder that on the level of combat alone, there will never be a final peace. It is no evasion and no alibi to repeat the obvious, even at a time of shock: peace depends on solving unsolved issues — and there is no shortage of them in the Middle East.

Dizzy clerics

Anglicans need a minister of spin

THAT THE power of the spin doctor has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished, is an opinion by no means confined to the Government's new "enforcer", Jack Cunningham, or the minority side of the Commons Public Administration Select Committee. Even so, when you look at institutions largely free of these surgeons of spin, you begin to understand their appeal. The Lambeth conference, which ended last night, was a spin doctor's nightmare. It seems to have been dangerously full of people intent on speaking their minds, as Bishop Chukwura of Nigeria famously spoke his, in full view of the TV cameras, when confronted with the spokesman of the Lesbian and Gay Christian movement. Or as the primate of Scotland, Richard Holloway, a friend of gay rights, later spoke

his; for which, in a further moment of spin doctorial horror, he was in turn rebuked yesterday by the assistant bishop of Newcastle. There were people at this conference, too, who have yet to master the Mandelsonian art of the sly evasion. Asked yesterday if he planned to continue ordaining gay priests, an American bishop could only reply: "I don't deal with hypotheticals." We'd advise him not to try that tactic while tangle with early one morning with John Humphrys. As the climate at Canterbury indicated, this issue has long since departed the realm of the merely hypothetical.

No doubt to the huge relief of the organisers, the Anglican communion only stages these conferences every 10 years, so the next one won't occur until well into the next millennium. By that time a fair few of this summer's disputing clerics will have hung up their croziers and any spin doctors dislodged by the arrival of Dr Cunningham will have had plenty of time to offer their services. There are bound to be those who ask whether the recruitment of media mas-sagers truly serves the pursuit of truth or the deeper purposes for which the Church of England exists. But they, it seems sadly probable, will be trampled in the coming stampede. For this is the way of the world nowadays; and the way of the world, even here, is long odds on to prevail.

Letters to the Editor

Nursing a grievance

SO Nuffield researcher Keith Hurst thinks "it makes no kind of sense to be paying skilled nurses £25,000 a year to fill in forms" (Patients losing out to paper, August 5). Which nurses does he think get £25k? I'd be very happy for a 25 per cent pay rise to take me to those dizzy heights and I've been a senior ward nurse for 22 years. To add insult to injury, a lot of my extra work is filling in forms for researchers. Drew Smith, Oxford.

SURELY the crisis in the recruitment of nurses can be solved by running glossy advertisements "Why nobody forgets a nurse". M Nanji, Harrow, Middx.

HUBERT Parry writing Jerusalem, G2, August 7? The musical setting may be, but not the words. Credit to William Blake, surely? Colin Ross would. Nottingham.

IT is high time for Hubert Parry to be given his own memorial at Westminster Abbey to honour this fine old radical and composer. Ian Brist, London.

I WAS surprised that Paolo Hewitt (Letters, August 7) claims "The Robin Friday Story" as "my book". It was co-written with Paul McGuigan and the book is described as the result of "Gulp's" investigations. Incidentally, on p184 Robin Friday is described as quaffing ale in the Boars Head just hours before matches. We often used to see him in the Spreadeagle (just by Elm Park) at 2.30 before a 3pm kick-off quaffing ale followed by a chaser. David Smith, Boston, Lincs.

IT is delightful to hear confirmation that King Arthur existed. One of the legends associated with him is that he will return when the country really needs him. The key question must be, does he bat or bowl? Dave Allen, Portsmouth.

Labour's woman spurned

OH dear Helen Wilkinson (Faced with Labour's lads, I feel like a lover who has been abandoned, August 6) became so captivated by her own rhetoric that she forgot to think what she was saying. What kind of a charge is it against the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he is a "workaholic"? I want the Chancellor to be a workaholic. There is a lot for him to do and so far, despite Ms Wilkinson, he seems to be doing pretty well. Ms Wilkinson may feel "like a lover who has been abandoned", but the pollsters show that new Labour is still loved by the electorate. Maybe she is just a jealous woman. Sir Sigmund Sternberg, London.

SURELY Helen Wilkinson just hasn't done her homework. It isn't true to say that Old Labour had a culture which didn't know how to deal with women. Hasn't she heard of Margaret Bondfield, Bessie Braddock, Dr Edith Summerskill, her near-namesake Ellen Wilkinson, and the indefatigable Barbara Castle? One of the reasons why there are not many more is because of the claims for "more women to be selected" by militant women — like Helen — who, not having done

the requisite homework, not having the requisite experience, just didn't have an attractive CV. The women, like those listed above who had the appropriate CVs got the jobs and the places in Labour history. That is as true today as it was then. Bill Purdie, Marlow, Bucks.

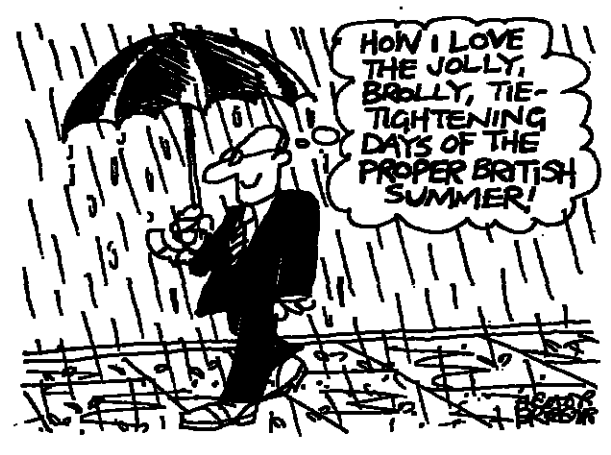
WHAT exactly does Helen Wilkinson expect of Blair's internal coterie? Considering the etheral and often vacuous mind-milk that De-mos churns out, and which the coterie laps up, Wilkinson's observation that many new lads close to the PM are "rootless" and "individualistic" resembles a latter-day Dr Frankenstein, who has lost control of his creature, starts to bemoan the lack of self-awareness that has caused it to go astray. Ian Parker, Kingston-upon-Thames.

I AM really cheesed off with the theme underlying much comment on the performance of this government in the media. It appears that the real achievements of the last 18 months are submerged within the cynicism and negativity of this mainly London

(and New York) based chattering class. Imagine May 1, 1997, the Tories winning the election. Then there would be something to moan about. Ross Cowie, Heaton, Bolton.

SO Helen Wilkinson has realised that New Labour is all about form rather than content. What took her so long? Many of us left when Blair's true colours started to show through. It was clear before the election that the party had been hijacked by opportunists who called themselves "modernisers", whose aim was to shift the party into a "belief-free zone". The party was well and truly held up and its name had been stolen. At least Dick Turpin had the decency to wear a mask.

So come on, Helen, get real! Labour once was sexist and male-dominated, but it did have clear, community-based beliefs. New Labour is obsessed with "celebrity cult" and the media, as you point out. Democratic issues don't get a look in. But then, it has been clear for some time that the Blair in No 10 has more in common with Lionel Blair than Eric Blair. Mike Moores, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.



Heads turned by the heat

WHENEVER the sun looks to be staying around for more than a day or two, you can be sure that the newspapers will trot out their standard reference to "these long, hot days of summer". The question for me, is when do I get to enjoy them?

It is all very well for Clare Boylan (Ah, that golden age, August 6). I imagine that she earns her income from writing and therefore has ample opportunities for "mixing the Pimm's and getting out the blockbuster". I, on the other hand, am a civil servant, (through necessity not choice), whose only possible response to hot weather, as Boylan condescendingly notes, is to loosen my tie.

I would love to sit around in the sun all day, sipping Pimm's and watching the "vest-clad virgins loosen their thighs", but like many others am unable to. To sit at a pavement

cafe is a privilege, not an option. Richard Rees Jones, London.

I AM sick of the sentimental "Ah how gorgeous" attitude to hot weather. I become a prisoner in the house when temperatures exceed 25 degrees because the heat makes me sick, irritable, sweaty and headache; then there is my hay fever. And hot days are not nice for overweight people like me who don't have a sexy body to show off.

This summer has been a joy. My favourite weather is sunshine, frost and temperatures cold enough to see your own teeth coming out. These fresh days are crisp, invigorating and sexy. Do I feel sexy in hot weather? Hell no, what's sexy about two clammy, sweaty bodies rolling together? A Browning. Hedden Bridge.

Plain truth

JANE Barrett's defence of South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission (Letters, August 5) only confirms its weaknesses. Of course, interesting and illuminating evidence was given. But what concerns friends of South Africa — and was banned from the country for 10 years for my anti-apartheid journalism — is the damage the commission has done to the basic tenets of justice. The commission's self-incrimination into a public

duty and abandoned the initial principle that submissions should be voluntary: the courts were used to force individuals to give evidence. It also laid down that amnesty would only be recommended if the commission was satisfied a "full confession" had been given. In plain English, naming names. Your innocence could be bought at the cost of incriminating others. The commission in its evangelical naïveté, embraced the flaws of both Stalin's show trials and McCarthyism. Charles Jones, St Albans, Herts.

Mandelson hits back in row over British Airways link

YOUR article (Mandelson admits Dome may hinder his trade job, August 7) about my role on the British Airways/American Airlines alliance was thoroughly misleading and inaccurate. I was not "forced to take special legal advice". Like any new minister, I consulted my officials to consider whether there were any conflicts of interest between my various government responsibilities which might make it necessary or desirable for me to stand aside from particular decisions.

In this instance, after consulting my Permanent Secretary about whether my responsibilities in relation to the Millennium Dome conflicted with my role on the British Airways/American Airlines

alliance, he and I concluded that I could properly exercise my responsibilities in this case.

This was not "slipped out" as it was made known in a perfectly normal DTI press notice issued to all media organisations. It has nothing to do with the "cash for contacts" crisis; nor did I admit as the headline said that "the Dome may hinder my trade job".

Your piece contains other errors besides. It would be nice for Guardian journalists to give me the chance to do my job at the DTI properly and to report it without the tendentious personal bias which has become your hallmark. Rt Hon Peter Mandelson, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry.

Clapped out

I WAS appalled at Jonathan Miller's comment "If you perform it, I'll have you with Pavarotti, then you attract an audience of the sort that applauds when the curtain goes up, and you know you've committed a deeply vulgar error" (Director savages "dinosaurs" of the opera, August 6). I and many others in the arts work very hard to improve access to the arts by all the members of the community and increase audiences across all art forms. An increasing number of arts organisations are investing in outreach and educational activities to allow all those who pay for the arts (when buying their Lottery tickets or paying their taxes) to benefit from it.

Comments of this sort are an insult to all their efforts, and reinforces the perception that "the arts" are an elitist activity, only attended by a middle- and upper-class audience. So what if people are so excited that they applaud when the curtain goes up. Is there a right and a wrong time to clap? Maybe Mr Miller could enlighten us and publish The Guide To Applauding At The Theatre. Marion Bourhouse, Edinburgh.

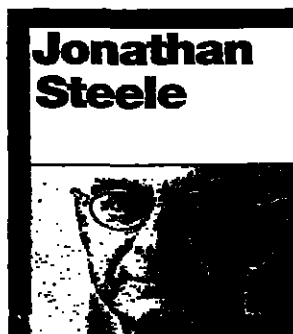
Poll fears

YOUR correspondent (Cam-bod's opposition supporters run for cover, August 5) refers to continuing concern about the intimidation and violence in the wake of the election, particularly in relation to political activists opposed to the Hun Sen government. I share this concern. He also reports that the international community endorsed the election and declared it free and fair. May I remind your correspondent that as the EU Special Representative at the elections I refrained from using such wording and I steered clear of a vocabulary which I considered inappropriate.

Issues of legality and accountability remain of deep concern to the EU. If, as seems to be the case, political activists continue to experience harassment and violence then it must be made clear that this cannot be part of an acceptable democratic process. Human Rights violations were well documented by the UN during the registration process and the election process. Any post election assessment must take all this evidence into account. Gregory Kinnock MEP, Brussels.

Back in the former USSR, cash-strapped Russians still get by with a little help from their friends

Blatting order



Jonathan Steele

Seven years later, "normality" certainly seems to pervade Moscow. The first wave of media capitalism with its deluged Mercedes, grotesque nightclubs, and a handful of supposedly Western-style restaurants charging ludicrously high prices has long gone.

With close to a million people earning comfortable salaries in the head offices of joint ventures, banks, the media, and foreign law firms, or living off lucrative privatisation deals, a substantial service sector has sprung up to cater for them.

Along with the supermarkets on the main boulevards, side streets have well-stocked corner shops which were not there on my previous visit two years ago.

You no longer have to trek miles to the nearest cafe. Medium-sized family cars, imported and unimported, throng the roads. In the underground, where Soviet commuters used to read newspapers or books, Russians now leaf through previously unknown glossy magazines on home improvement, fitness, and fashion.

But don't pop the champagne corks yet. Moscow always was the exception in the Russian economy. Soviet leaders kept it better supplied with goods to deceive foreign visitors, and even though that kind of command economy is over, the unusual volume of new money in Moscow is bound to produce a trickle-down effect. Some 80 per cent of Russia's cash and liquid assets — that part which is not sent abroad — is estimated to be held in Moscow banks. The executives of the oil and gas sector live in the capital city, although the source of their wealth is thousands of miles away in Siberia.

Another reason for postponing celebration is the amount of "abnormality" the Russian economy still has. Take barter. According to Grigory Yavlinsky, a leading pro-Western advocate of the market system, 75 per cent of the country's domestically produced goods are traded by barter. This is little different from the Soviet system which was almost entirely non-monetary at the wholesale level. The state ordered enterprises what to produce, fixed prices — and nominated customers. In one way, the Russia of today is less dependent on money than it was 10 years ago. Soviet wages were paid in cash. In much of Russia that is no longer the case. Except in the country's fledgling small and medium enterprise sector, staff often get paid with products which they convert to cash by selling.

In a healthy market economy people save. But because of the erratic nature of wage payments, the spread of poverty, and the unexpected experience of hyper-inflation after price controls were first lifted in 1992, Russians are less inclined to save than they were in the Soviet Union.

Life has become unstable and unpredictable. You quickly spend what you have.

If necessary, you borrow. In the Soviet period people regularly took loans from their friends and family in emergency, which their savings could not cover. This culture of private solidarity has survived. A sociologist friend in Moscow who earns 2,000 rubles a month (about £200) reported that she has this amount outstanding in loans to half a dozen less well-off friends. How many people in Britain are lending the equivalent of a month's salary?

In the Soviet Union there was a second form of network, working to beat the problem of scarcity. It was called "blat". In a fascinating new study, Russia's Economy of Favour, published by Cambridge University Press, Aleks Ledeneva argues that "blat" subverted the Soviet system at the same time as it sustained it.

People would get their meat "under the counter" from a neighbour who was a

butcher. Friends would help you to jump the queue for a ticket to a holiday resort or gain access to a university course. This was not bribery since money did not change hands and there was no expectation of an immediate favour in return. As Ms Ledeneva puts it, "the ethics of blat — obligation to help, orientation to the future, gratitude, and modesty in demands — were grounded in Soviet realities and seem incongruous in post-Soviet conditions".

In practice, blat has survived in the form of communism, which is why she puts quotation marks around "blat" in the title of her book. While blat is no longer needed to obtain goods, it is used to get jobs and services. Businessmen turn to it to obtain valuable access to state information, inside knowledge of rivals' plans, and bank loans on privileged conditions. In many cases, blat has been given a price tag.

People pay high prices in cash for favours which used to be done free or for small presents.

The moral is not that Russia has no market or that nothing has changed beneath the surface veneer of capitalist transformation. Russia is indeed undergoing a profound transition, but its real economy will remain a hybrid for a long time to come. The attempt to impose a Protestant ethic of competitive individualism, and a new psychology of market attitudes is diluted by old practices of informal networking, solidarity among friends, and distrust of accumulation.

At the same time, the memory of recent hyper-inflation, the pain of unemployment and low wages, and the neo-liberal ideology of the International Monetary Fund which insists on minimising the role of the state and cutting subsidies to health, education, and social services undermine

Russians' faith in the new system. Nowhere is this more true than in the IMF's current emphasis on improving tax collection from individuals as the top priority in the "reform" agenda.

The old Brezhnev era joke about the Soviet system's failure to raise productivity was that "you pretend to pay us, we pretend to work". Today it has become "you pretend to provide services, we pretend to pay taxes".

Raising taxes from Russia's resource exporters, commercial banks, and upper-income capital-holders (earnings is not the right word) makes sense. But until Russia has a state which is strong enough to gain its citizens confidence and provide more jobs and economic welfare than the "market" has yet done, higher taxes on individuals will be evaded.

To pretend otherwise is the same as imagining that the special case of Moscow's relative prosperity can be reproduced nationwide.

Mind that Watchdog

[illegible]



Nat Gonella... playing in the style of his idol and buddy Louis Armstrong

Nat Gonella

The Britjazz horn

THE veteran jazz trumpeter, vocalist and bandleader Nat Gonella, who has died aged 90, was Britain's first jazz trumpet star in a lineage which later included Kenny Baker, Humphrey Lyttelton and Kenny Ball. A household name throughout the 1950s, his career effortlessly survived changing musical fashions.

Gonella celebrated his 90th birthday last March with a new recording, a headlining week with his band at London's Pizza on the Park venue, and other appearances. Nat Gonella (like his idol Louis Armstrong) was educated at an institution for underprivileged children, St Mary's School, Tilling. There he learned trumpet to a high standard. His first professional engagement with Archie Pitt's Busby Boys, in the show *A Week's Pleasure*, introduced him to Gracie Fields, who presented the young trumpeter with a gramophone and half-a-dozen jazz records; an experience soon broadened by Gonella's ecstatic absorption of 1930s jazz and, in particular, the work of Armstrong, whose recorded solos he transcribed to paper and learnt by heart.

Gonella was headhunted by Billy Cotton, with whom he recorded his first jazz solos and vocals; but moved on to work with Roy Fox and then Lew Stone. A string of successful recordings, radio, concert and club appearances established him as "the British Louis Armstrong".

With Lew Stone, Gonella had begun to feature a solo spot leading a small group from within the orchestra, dubbed his Georgians, after a noted 1932 recording of *Georgia on My Mind*. By 1935, forming a team of Georgians, he had become a band leader in his own right, and until the outbreak of the

second world war, he topped the bill in British music halls. In late 1938, Gonella holidayed in New York, re-met Armstrong and Fats Waller, played a solo spot with Cab Calloway's orchestra and, recorded four sides with an American sextet led by John Kirby and featuring stars including Benny Carter and Buster Bailey. These included the enchanting *Just a Kid Named Jo* and a rip-roaring *I Must See Annie Tonight*.

At the start of the war, Nat was called up, into the Pioneer Corps, later recruited into Stars in Battledress, with whom he toured North Africa, Sicily and Italy. At the war's end, popular music was changing. Nat re-formed a big band, then toured with a youthful outfit of bebop revolutionaries, but declared in later years that "bebop gave me a headache". Those colleagues praised their leader both for his grasp of the idiom and fine musicianship.

For Nat Gonella, the 1950s brought a return to the variety stage in company with Max Miller and Leon Cortez, until the traditional jazz boom of the early 1960s prompted him to form his Georgia Jazz band. A 1961 appearance on *This is Your Life* prompted a prestigious album, *The Nat Gonella Story*, and Gonella was once again in some kind of spotlight. His response to the Beatles was to embrace northern clubwork, move to Leyland in Lancashire and at last — on March 7, 1973 — announce his official retirement on his 66th birthday.

This was very far from the end of the story. In the mid-1970s, he was persuaded out of retirement by drummer Ted Easton, to visit and play at Easton's club in Scheveningen in Holland. A recording of his old hit *Oh Afool* (originally made with Roy Fox's band in 1931) reached number five in the

Dutch hit parade. After this late triumph, Gonella gave up the trumpet for good. However, he continued to sing, and after moving to Gosport (where a square was named in his honour) made occasional appearances at local pubs, and later regularly at Gosport Jazz Club, of which he was longtime president. In 1988, he starred with Humphrey Lyttelton and his band in a TV special, *Fifty Years of Nat Gonella*.

After the death of his wife, Dorothy, Gonella resumed more intensive and widespread performances, including a return to London concert halls. In 1997, a sample example of his trumpet-playing, recorded 65 years previously, propelled the indie group, White Town, to number one hit with *Your Woman*.

His non-stop catalogue of success was greeted by Nat Gonella with humorous acceptance and equally humorous resignation. He was joyful company to all who knew him, and he seemed, in older age, vaguely surprised at respect from fellow performers, and ever-delighted at the love of his fans. Above all, he was a pragmatist, unweighed by ego, reluctant to say he was doing much more than having fun and playing a few bills along the way. And in return he was loved by everyone. No British jazz musician has left a more significant, yet unassuming, legacy of triumphant success.

Digby Fairweather

Humphrey Lyttelton adds: Nat Gonella was my first idol, and his band, Gonella and his Georgians, formed my first record collection. What he was actually doing was his own East End cockney version of Louis Armstrong, both singing and playing, and so his records led me to Armstrong. Nat was king and

Armstrong was the emperor. What was important about Nat was that he was the first musician in Britain really to recognise the worth of Armstrong. Many musicians in the early 1950s regarded Louis as being musically, on the rough side. Then because of Nat's showmanship — old clips show him singing versions of Armstrong's songs and playing the trumpet in the style of Armstrong — attention started to be paid to Armstrong himself.

Armstrong was Nat's absolute idol. Nat used to tell the story that when Armstrong came here in 1932, he had heard people saying that Armstrong was coming in to Boosey & Hawkes instrument shop to put his trumpet in for cleaning. Nat begged to be allowed to take the trumpet back to Armstrong's hotel. He went to Armstrong's room and spent half an hour with him. Armstrong, then relatively young, appreciated having this young guy getting his suit pressed and generally looking after him. After that, whenever Armstrong came to here, the first thing he would say was: "Where's Nat?"

I didn't meet Nat until 1961, when I appeared on a *This is Your Life* programme about him, though it was well-known that I was heavily influenced by him. When we did meet, I found there was nothing big time about him, and he was astonished whenever I referred to him as my idol.

Touring musicians seldom get the chance to become close friends, but we played together many times. When he couldn't play trumpet, he still sang with me on a couple of occasions, once when he was booked, and once when he simply, spontaneously just got up and sang.

Nat Gonella, trumpeter, singer and band leader, born March 7, 1908; died August 6, 1998

Peter Fairley

Voice of the Apollo moon landings

PETER Fairley, who has died from cancer aged 67, achieved fame in the late 1960s and early 1970s reporting live the American moon landings for Independent Television News (ITN) to audiences of more than 10 million viewers. Those of us who worked with him appreciated his ability to take data and quickly translate it into simple, accurate terms which the viewer could grasp. He would never describe something as being so many cubic feet, but compare it to the size of a double-decker bus. And the speed the astronauts travelled to get free from earth's gravity was not 26,000mph but seven miles a second. "That way," he said, "the viewer can think of something seven miles from home and think 'You mean at that speed I could get there in a second!'"

But it wasn't just the public who appreciated his skills. Whenever I went to NASA centres in the US, I would find that, at the mention of his name, doors opened which remained firmly shut to American journalists. He was

probably the most respected of the international reporters covering the moon landings. Peter had made his name reporting science for the London Evening Standard in the days of the first atomic power stations. Not that he had any scientific qualifications — he once told me that he took to reporting science on the loss of a coin with a colleague in a Fleet Street pub. If it had come down tails, he would have taken the job of transport correspondent. He loved working for ITN, because the editors he worked under — Nigel Ryan and David Nicholas — shared his dedication to science as news. "They didn't put science into some journalistic backwater," they knew that the scientific discovery of today will probably affect the lives of everyone in the future, so people should be told about it now. "Twenty or 30 years ago this wasn't the attitude in many newsrooms."

Peter was a workaholic and claimed to have held a record for the longest continuous broadcast (some 14 hours, during the night of the first

landing on the moon). When, in 1969, the Queen opened ITN's headquarters, the big news story was the second moon landing, that of Apollo 12. During a break in transmission, the Queen was shown into the control room, where all 30 monitors were displaying Fairley fast asleep in the studio ready to be awakened for the next stint. "I can see," said the Queen, "how exhausting the work must be here."

Peter worked long after normal retirement, making videos, and writing books and articles. But this man with his appreciation of technology never used a typewriter. He could write swiftly — he had to, for television's demands of immediacy — but everything he produced was immaculately handwritten.

Peter is survived by his second wife, Helen, a daughter, and three sons by his first wife, Vivienne.

Frank Miles

Peter Fairley, journalist, born November 2, 1930; died August 5, 1998

A Country Diary

WEST YORKSHIRE: Two important wildlife sites, both wetlands, are affected by the Bingley Relief Road scheme which received the go-ahead in the recent road building review. Both the South Bog and the North Bog lie alongside the Leeds & Liverpool Canal, at opposite ends of town, looking across the green slopes of Aire Valley. Bingley South Bog is a spectacular Site of Special Scientific Interest. It is a kettle hole left behind after the last Ice Age, 10,000 years old, the deep peat trapped by a moraine supporting a basin fen which is both upland and lowland, the only one left in Yorkshire. We walked, waded and squelched over the site. The

large area of standing water is almost covered by mare's-tail, more than I have seen anywhere else. In the marsh area, meadowsweet flowered in frothy clouds. The name is a corruption of mead-sweet — it was used to flavour ales. On the bog, it was mixed with the deep pink of greater willowherb and rosebay willowherb.

Among the shorter rushes and sedges, marsh cinquefoil grows in profusion, its burgundy flowers camouflaged among the dark greens. Earlier, in the year, southern marsh orchid, at its northern limit here, mixed with common spotted orchid, the two hybridising freely.

The Bingley North Bog is a

different habitat. Steeply sloping ground runs down to the wet area in the centre. By the gate, just two specimens of nettle-leaved bellflower hid their deep blue flower among stinging nettles. Marsh ragwort grows in the bog, sedges and rushes abound. A family party of reed buntings flitted around us, youngsters staying close to parents, constantly giving out contact calls to each other. Local conservationists have fought hard to protect the two areas. Reassurances have been given, but it would be a tragedy if 10,000 years of ecological evolution were to be damaged while the relief road didn't deliver any benefits.

PETE BOWLER

CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATIONS

THE Country Diary (page 16, yesterday) referred to "two coat tins"; this should have been coal tins.

TRAIN robber Ronnie Biggs's birthday falls today, not on August 7 as we said in our birthdays column (page 16, yesterday).

NORTHERN ROCK is no longer a building society (City Notebook, page 20, August 6). It's now a bank and a PLC.

It is the policy of the Guardian to correct errors as soon as possible. Please quote the date and page number. Readers may contact the office of the Readers' Editor by telephoning 0171 239 5859 between 11am and 5pm, Monday to Friday. Letters should go to the Readers' Editor, The Guardian, 119, Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER. Fax: 0171 239 5897. E-mail: reader@guardian.co.uk

Tomorrow's birthdays Gillian Anderson, actress, 28; Melanie Griffith, actress, 41; Whitney Houston, singer, 35; Jackie Lawrence, Labour MP, 50; Rod Laver, tennis player, 60; Sir Frank Layfield QC, 77; James Naughtie, broadcaster, 46; Ashley Page, dancer, 42; Patsy Stone, cartoonist, 53; John Simpson, broadcaster, 54; Lord Young of Dartington, sociologist and social innovator, 83.

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Building society puts up rate for first time in a year to placate its savers

Nationwide mortgages rise

Jill Treanor

THE Nationwide Building Society increased its mortgage rate for the first time in a year yesterday. From September 1 its standard variable rate will rise to 8.50 per cent from 8.10 per cent.

The Bradford & Bingley also announced a rise, of 0.25 per cent to 8.70 per cent, which will come in to effect tomorrow.

Nationwide, which last month survived a vote on its mutual status by a whisker, took the step so that it can pay higher rates to savers — insisting that mutualism benefits them, too.

The society has so far found it easier to persuade mortgage customers of the benefits through the lower repayments they are required to make. An earlier promise not to move rates had been seen by some industry pun-

dits as a "political move", ahead of that crucial vote. Then, the issue came to crisis point in the ballot during which the society's members voted to remain a mutual by 50.8 per cent to 49.2 per cent.

While Nationwide has resisted pressure to raise its mortgage rate despite two base-rate rises by the Bank of England, its need to placate savers made yesterday's

mortgage rate rise necessary. It will also raise saving rates for the third time this year, from September, but has not yet announced the details.

A spokesman insisted, however: "It would be unfair to say we were freezing mortgage rates just to win the conversion vote."

Both building societies are still offering a standard variable interest rate below Hal-

fax, the country's largest mortgage lender which was a building society until last year. Halifax is charging its borrowers 8.95 per cent for its standard variable rate.

Nationwide said the rate rise was a "direct response to members". Details of the rises for savers will be released in the next few days but Brian Davis, the society's chief executive, has made it clear that

he wants to improve rewards for smaller savers and longer-standing members.

The society said its rates had already been increased by an average of 0.50 per cent this year and promised that savers would soon benefit from yet more competitive rates.

Despite the rises for its mortgage customers, Nationwide claims that on a stan-

dard £60,000 mortgage, it would be charging £260 a year less than "most other major lenders" — despite an assessed increase of £15 a month. Its comparisons are based on the average of the rates charged by Alliance & Leicester, Abbey National, Halifax and Cheltenham & Gloucester.

Bradford & Bingley said it had stuck to its pledge to its 350,000 mortgage customers not to raise their repayments before August.

A spokesman said that the society had been waiting for the outcome of this week's Monetary Policy Committee meeting at the Bank of England in the hope that members would decide to reduce rates this time round.

As rates had been left on hold, Bradford & Bingley had decided "reluctantly" to raise mortgage repayments. Rates for its two million savers were raised at the time of the last official rate rise in June.

Alliance raids war chest in £700m spree

ALLIANCE & Leicester is sitting on a £700 million war chest it might use to fund an acquisition, the former building society admitted yesterday, writes Jill Treanor.

While rivals such as Woolwich — which is often cited as a potential candidate for a link-up with Alliance & Leicester — have signalled their intention to

return spare cash to shareholders, Alliance & Leicester yesterday dismissed such an option.

"We see it [the £700 million] as a fund to grow organically or help in an acquisition," said Richard Pym, Alliance & Leicester's finance director.

He rejected speculation about a link-up with the Woolwich, along with the

speculation that Alliance & Leicester had put itself into play to be snapped up by a larger rival.

Any acquisition the Alliance & Leicester makes would be a domestic one, as Mr Pym stressed yesterday that the bank had no intention of developing a European operation.

The last of the high street banks to report its half-

year figures, Alliance & Leicester announced pre-tax profits of £230 million, a rise of 29 per cent.

It generated more than 40 per cent of its profits from non-core mortgage and savings products, although its share of net new mortgage lending rose to 6.5 per cent, considerably above its "natural" share of 4 per cent.

Neil woos Bloomberg to buy European

Janine Gibson
Media Correspondent

ANDREW NEIL, the editor-in-chief of The European, is negotiating with Bloomberg Business News to join him in buying the paper from the Barclay brothers.

The deal, being discussed with which also owns the paper's owners, would save the weekly from near-certain closure which would prove embarrassing for the former editor of the Sunday Times. Mr Neil and long-time colleague Sue Douglas want to build in an escape option in case the Barclay brothers decide to close the title.

Mr Neil, who has already made the nine-year-old newspaper into a business-oriented magazine, now wants to turn it into an A4 glossy, similar to Time or The Economist. He became editor-in-chief in May last year and brought in several old allies on the editorial staff.

The deal being discussed with Bloomberg would see Mr Neil, Ms Douglas and some senior journalists take a stake in a new company running the paper with a possibility of the Barclay brothers retaining a smaller stake. Unrest among the editorial staff has centred on which journalists are considered sufficiently senior to be cut into any buy-out deal.

Prior to approaching

Bloomberg, Mr Neil is believed to have spoken to a number of continental publishers in an attempt to broker a deal. About two months ago, Mr Neil is understood to have asked the Barclay family for £50 million to keep The European alive for the next five years within the group. However, Bert Hardy, the chief executive of the group which also owns the Sunday Times, opposes any further investment.

A senior source on the paper said: "Hardy is saying 'enough is enough' to Neil. His argument is that £50 million could be better spent on the acquisition." Potential targets for the Barclays include a significant chunk of the Mirror Group, which is widely thought to be ready for a break-up this autumn.

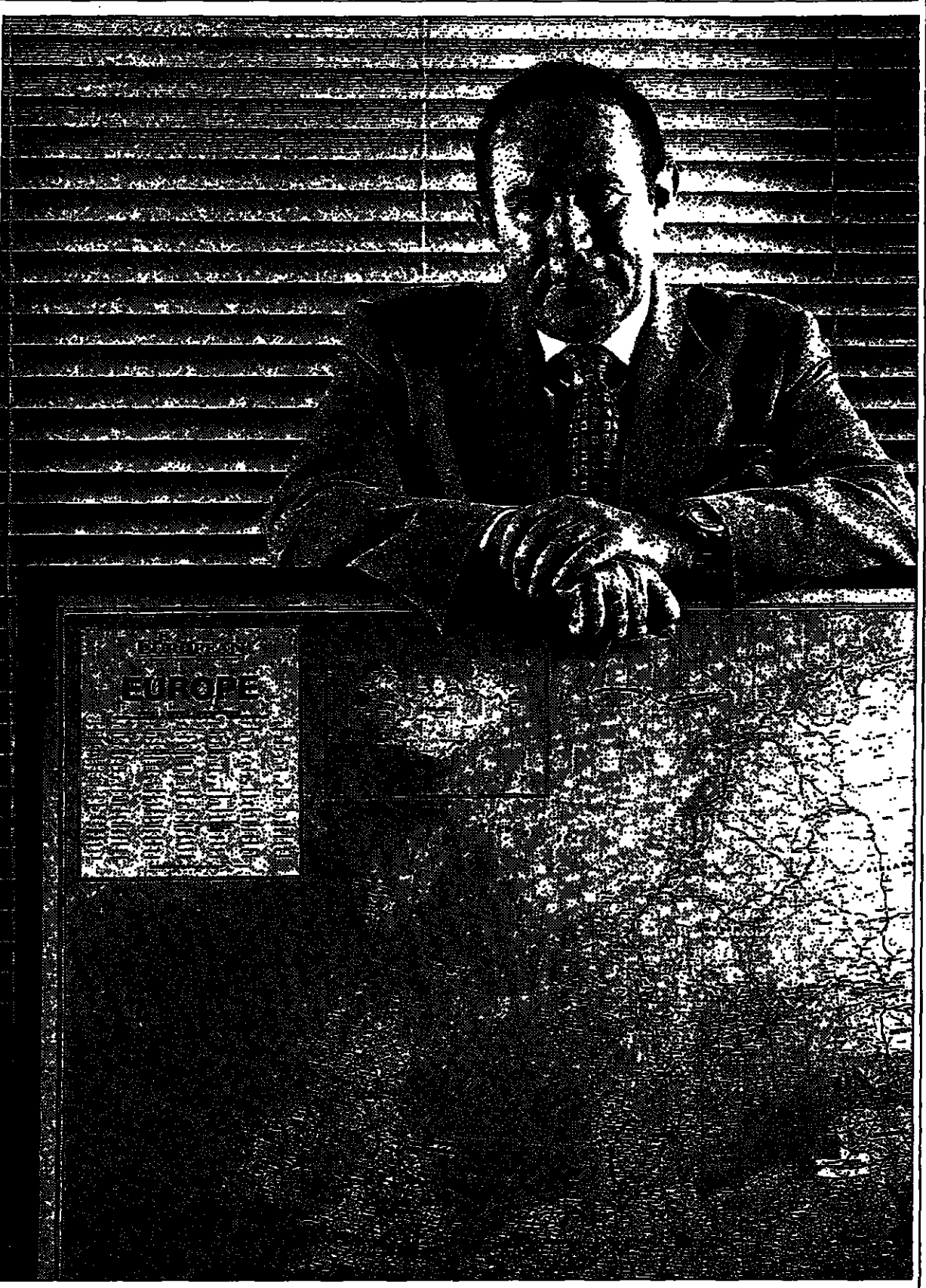
Mr Hardy is believed to have told Mr Neil that if The European is to be kept going by the Barclay Brothers it can only be viable if running costs are greatly reduced.

Very little financial information is available about The European, but its turnover is around £5 million and it is thought to lose nearly that amount each year.

The paper's future now rests with the Barclay family, who are expected to decide very shortly whether to close the paper, run it down to Mr Hardy's low-key operation or agree to a deal with Mr Neil's partners for a rescue. The paper has already cost the Barclays around £50 million.

In an interview earlier this year, Mr Neil said he was aiming to bring down the per-European circulation of The European to 100,000, and then double it gradually over the next five years. He said that the paper, in its magazine format, would be geared towards a purely business-oriented A4 readership rather than the "retired school-teacher living in Dorset".

When asked if it was true that the circulation of The European in the UK alone was 38,000, he said that it was nearer 40,000, but that it had fallen to 125,000 in Europe.



European rescue... Andrew Neil is attempting to save the paper through a deal with Bloomberg. PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID SILLITOE

Millwall gets that sinking feeling

Julia Finch

MILLWALL football club kicks off a new season today in shaky form, on the stock market, at least. Shares in the second division club slumped 14 per cent yesterday to close at just 7p.

The south London side, which faces Wigan on the first day of the new Nationwide League season, is now valued at just £4 million — less than 100th the size of Manchester United.

Millwall, the second club after Tottenham to join the stockmarket in 1991 — when its shares were sold for 20p — went into administration last year. But it was reborn at 4p a share after businessman Theo Paphitis backed a £10 million rescue.

At the time, the club was so short of cash that Buchler Phillips, which handled the club's period in administration, accepted 10 million shares — then

worth £400,000 but now valued at just £75,000 — as part payment of its fees.

"We are no different to any other club. I would like the price to be higher, but football stocks are just not the flavour of the day."

At the time of the rescue he unveiled plans to raise revenues by turning Millwall's New Den stadium into a venue attracting major sporting and entertainment events.

During the close season there were two events — the World Marching Band Championship, which brought in 10,000 people, and a Golden Oldies concert starring The Beverley Sisters.

"We've only used it twice so far," Mr Paphitis said, "but that is better than not at all. The only way the shares are going to improve, though, is with success on the pitch."

Premium-line scams warning

Simon Bawin
Media Business Editor

TELEPHONE operators were yesterday ordered by David Edmonds, the new head of Ofcom, to vet the premium-rate call services for which they provide lines after a case in which tens of thousands of callers were taken for a ride in a far-reaching financial scam.

Telephone operators and content-providers are allowed to charge as much as they like for premium rate

services provided the price is clearly advertised and consumers get what they believe they are paying for. But the service is open to widespread abuse.

Mr Edmonds intervened following a case in which World Telecom provided lines for a competition run by Colin Butler, who has repeatedly run scams on telephone lines. When halted by watchdogs he has started the service up again under a different trading name.

In the latest, some 30,000 callers answered mail-shots

on the promise that they had been shortlisted for prizes of up to £1,000. The calls were charged at £7 a time, but regulators have only uncovered one prize-winner. The prize was a personal phone number worth around £25.

Initially the company and World Telecom refused to close the service when asked to do so by Ofcom, the regulator for chat-lines and information services. It was not until the case was publicised in the press and Ofcom intervened that the service was shut down.

Mr Edmonds instructed all British telephone companies to put the consumer first when they agree to become involved in premium-rate service operation.

He said yesterday: "Experience has shown that these scams can operate for weeks, or even months, before the current processes put a stop to them."

Mr Edmonds threatened at one time to revoke the licence of World Telecom, and has warned that Mr Butler is likely to start up a similar scam soon.

Microsoft tries to fend off case

Mark Tran in New York

MICROSOFT is to file a motion on Monday asking a federal judge to reject the most important parts of the US government's antitrust case.

The computer software company believes a recent appeals court ruling in its

favour, combined with evidence it says it has uncovered from business rivals, undermines the most serious claims made by the Justice Department and 20 states.

"We believe the court can resolve this case now without the need for an expensive and time-consuming trial," said William Neukom, a company vice-president.

Microsoft is, however, unlikely to get its way. Judge Thomas Jackson has indicated that he will dismiss its motion. The Justice Department's suit is scheduled to start September 8.

This week, the judge rejected Microsoft's request to limit the government's intervention with chairman Bill Gates and to impose tight se-

crecy agreements before the company hands over blueprints to its Windows software. But an appeals court rejected one of the government's key arguments — that Microsoft acted illegally by bundling its Internet browser within Windows. That decision overturned an earlier decision by Judge Jackson in a related case.

Notebook

Sir Ernest's Data release



Mark Milner

AFTER nearly 50 years at Racial, Sir Ernest Harrison has seen most of what business life has to offer.

He has had spells both in and out of favour with the City; he has grown and sold some businesses most notably and successfully the mobile phone group, Vodafone. He has bought and sold others. Chubb being the most obvious example.

Yesterday, Racial took the exit route from another business, Data Communications. The decision is a relief all round.

Data has been losing money for years and though the pricing of the ways looks a trifle expensive, Racial argues that, if the value of the bits it is keeping are added back in, the deal is roughly in line with previous expectations.

Hanging on to some \$100 million (about £80 million) worth of Data tax losses could come in handy too.

Nor should it be forgotten that though Racial has parted from Data on a downbeat note, its original entry into the business — through the acquisition of Milgo in the 1970s — helped provide the funds used to develop Vodafone.

Not that the City was in too generous a mood, marking the shares down 2.5 per cent yesterday.

Post the sale of Data and the resulting red ink (a £127 million loss on disposal and a £107 million goodwill write-back), Racial has three definable areas of operations: defence electronics; telecommunications; and the industrial electronics operations.

Racial Telecommunications — the former British Rail telecommunications business — is regarded, if not as the jewel in the crown, at least as a business which is undervalued compared with similar operations.

Racial is looking to float the business, though it looks unlikely to happen until late next year at the earliest. But though that is, and has been for some time, the preferred option, Racial acknowledges that it will have to look at a decent offer if one comes along.

The defence electronics business is trickier. Racial argues that it has a handy niche to work in, nimbly allying on a project basis, with appropriate partners. It would like to carry on that way.

The snag is that defence electronics is in the process of restructuring. France is building up Thomson as its key player. GEC is focusing heavily on its Marconi business.

Growing concentration

could well mean that Racial's future in defence, where it has sales of around £360 million, may not be entirely in its own hands, particularly after the precise value of the telecommunications business has been established, be that by bid or public offering.

Still, that should allow time for Sir Ernest to pull another telecommunications rabbit out of the Racial hat — some time around the millennium.

SHAKESPEARE was an economist. Put aside, for a moment, his towering contribution to English literature — that the only quotations most of us can remember Dowd from Will's quill.

For the libraries of literary criticism his works have spawned, the generations of academics worn down in the search for the identity of the dark lady of the sonnets.

The entirely new aspect of Shakespeare's work has been unveiled by Richard Jeffrey from City firm Charterhouse Tilney. He has been perusing the folios to discover the bard's singular contribution to the dismal science.

There is Shakespeare on inflation. *We have scathed the snake, not killed it.* They will be nodding their heads at that one on the Bank of England's monetary policy committee.

Indeed, Shakespeare seems to have had the MPC much in mind as he penned his economic analysis. How else to explain *When the world is on fire, let us not suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them?* Mr Jeffrey reckons the message is clear. When deciding if interest rates need changing, policy makers should try to be both proactive and pre-emptive. Delay almost certainly makes the problem worse. *If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.* Takes a similar turn of mind to the Bank of England's monetary policy committee.

In more sinister vein, there is Shakespeare on the labour market. *Mentime we shall express our darker purpose.* Mr Jeffrey translates that as meaning that the real reason for the shift to a more aggressive policy stance (higher interest rates) to bring about the conditions that will result in an increase in unemployment so as to ease upward pressure on labour costs. Best of all for the MPC, however, is the blunt comment *Bring me no more victims.*

Still, Shakespeare's interest in economics went wider than the workings of modern monetary policy. *Neither a borrower nor a lender be.* A good advice to industrialists to watch out for higher interest rates while simultaneously reminding bankers about the risks of bad debts.

The bard had a word, too, for investors: *Let him look to his bond.* Given the sudden outbreak of bearishness on the New York stock market, can it be any wonder that the Merchant of Venice has suddenly become a best seller on Wall Street? Best of all, perhaps is Shakespeare's view on accountability. *Let the end try the man, he wrote.*

It anyone fancies trying to interpret Shakespeare's economic doctrines, the Notebook is offering a bottle of champagne for the person who submits the best half-dozen quotes, the plays from which they are drawn, and interpretation in time for inclusion in Saturday's column. Suggestions should be addressed to the Notebook Column, City Office, The Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER.

News in brief

Mayflower bids for Dennis

Bus and body-maker Mayflower announced plans yesterday for a £295 million bid for Dennis, challenging the specialist vehicle group to abandon its agreed £190 million acquisition by Henrys. Mayflower said yesterday it had been discussing a 450p-a-share cash offer with the Dennis directors. Dennis shares closed 51p at 455p.

More companies failing

Company failures are continuing to rise. The Department of Trade and Industry reported 3,346 company insolvencies during the second quarter of 1998, 4.7 per cent up on the previous quarter.

Japan cuts taxes

Keizo Obuchi, the new Japanese prime minister, unveiled tax cuts of more than 6 trillion yen (£25 billion), a 10 trillion

yen stimulus package and steps to clear up the banking sector. However, his speech failed to halt the fall of the yen or the Tokyo stock market.

Racial takes a loss

Electronics group Racial sold its Data Communications unit, but will raise only £12.5 million (£7.5 million) immediately — and incur a £234 million loss on the deal. That wiped out operating profits in yesterday's results, which showed a £207 million deficit. Underlying profits for the continuing businesses, mostly in other areas of telecoms, defence and industrial electronics, rose 9 per cent to £116 million.

Unilever warning

Unilever, the Walls, Brooke Bond and Persil group, reported profits for the first half of the year of £1.5 billion — 62 per cent down on last year, which was boosted by exceptional profits on the sale of speciality chemicals.

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS

Australia 2.643	Germany 2.608	Malaysia 2.78	Singapore 2.79
Austria 13.99	Greece 4.653	Mexico 0.22	South Africa 8.86
Belgium 37.35	Hong Kong 12.30	Netherlands 3.154	Spain 137.51
Canada 2.43	India 69.37	New Zealand 3.11	Sweden 12.74
Cyprus 0.824	Ireland 1.108	Norway 12.04	Switzerland 2.382
Denmark 10.78	Israel 6.52	Portugal 284.87	Turkey 428.100
Finland 8.817	Italy 2.783	Saudi Arabia 6.92	USA 1.588
France 9.384			

Supplied by Reuters (excluding rupee, shekel and malawi)

Jewels in the rebels' crown

The EU is trying to block the diamond smuggling route from Angola. Violence won't be far behind. **Dan Atkinson** in Antwerp, **Alex Duval Smith** in Johannesburg and **Owen Bowcott** investigate

IT WAS an unpromising start to Europe's tough new policy on diamond smuggling. Yards from Antwerp's grand railway station, an African in traditional dress — modified with jeans and trainers — tempted passers-by with a gemstone necklace. It was a safe bet that the stones had been nowhere near legitimate marketing channels and that the proceeds of any sale would not be making a tax contribution to the shrinking of Belgium's astronomical public debt.

But then the street trader may have been unaware of the European Council's decision of July 26, prohibiting smuggled Angolan diamonds from sale within European Union boundaries.

On paper, this move — a retaliation for an alleged massacre — ought to have put out of business the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola — Unita — the rebel army that has become one of the jewel trade's biggest operators.

Northern Angola, Unita's stronghold, is the greatest single source of smuggled diamonds. Antwerp is the global diamond-trading capital. Blocking the Angola-Antwerp corridor should have brought Unita to its knees.

But enforcement is everything, and even those on the legitimate side of the \$3.7 billion-a-year diamond trade have doubts about the ability of the EU — and, in particular, Belgium's demoralised police — to stamp out

one of the most lucrative rackets in the world.

One industry source said the Antwerp community was "sceptical". Unita diamonds amount to \$225 million a year, one-sixth of the entire world's trade. The smugglers are not going to give up profits of that size without a fight.

The fight could turn very nasty. When it comes to violence, diamond racketeers are at no disadvantage to their opposite numbers in the drugs trade.

Antwerp itself has long been the battleground for a shadowy war between the racketeers and the agents of lawful authority and of the De Beers company, the South African company that controls the "single channel" through which about 80 per cent of the world's diamonds are marketed; and the smugglers' vengeful arm is long.

On May 18 1995, an East African Airways Corporation Douglas DC3 went missing on the last leg of its journey from Dar es Salaam to Nairobi. Its wreckage was later found 14,300 feet up Kilimanjaro. All four crew and 16 passengers were dead. An inquiry decided the probable cause was pilot error.

But not according to diamond mythology, which claims the plane was doomed not by the pilot's actions but by the presence among the crew of an airline steward formerly employed by the British Overseas Airways Corporation. In his previous career he had informed on 14 BOAC stewards involved in smuggling gems into Europe, losing them their jobs. Revenge, according to some in the diamond trade, came in the form of a bomb aboard the plane.

A tall story? Perhaps. But the diamond mafia was, and remains, in no hurry to put the record straight. Today, that mafia has changed out of recognition as Asians, Russians and Africans elbow their way in alongside the Belgians. South Africans and the odd Briton traditionally dominant in this murky trade. Unita brings a new dimension to what had been strictly private-enterprise crime.



A Zambian boatman looks west across the River Zambesi into Unita's northern Angolan stronghold — the start of the gem-smuggling route to Europe

PHOTOGRAPH: GREG MARINOVICH

The rebel movement, which controls many of the diamond mines in the east of Angola, is said to buy arms from eastern Europe with the sales proceeds. Small planes from South Africa, Zambia and Zimbabwe are often seen over northern Angola. They are said to carry arms or mining spares on their way in and diamonds on their way out.

When diamond smuggling is involved, violence is never far away. This aggression has the effect of keeping open the pipeline from the African diamond fields to Antwerp and other centres — including London's relatively modest Hatton Garden.

On the pavement outside Café De Klok in Pelikanstraat, young men in track-suit-bottoms hold an intense conference interrupted only by a mobile-phone call.

Four thousand miles to the

Antwerp is sceptical about anti-smuggling action. Unita diamonds amount to \$225 million a year, one-sixth of the world trade. The smugglers won't give up profits of that size without a fight, and the fight could turn very nasty

south, a third man, Godfrey Chitengi, has just finished a month's walk from Lunda Norte in northern Angola to the Zambian border.

With half-a-dozen diamonds hidden in his jeans pocket, he has braved landmines and swum rivers.

Mr Chitengi is a *garimpeiro* — an illegal miner — and the financial rewards of his labours will easily compensate for the dangers. In Zambia, his first stop was to see a certain Christian missionary from an American church, who has an electronic diamond-tester at his house near the village of Zambesi.

"We know three grades — A, B and C — and this man can verify them for us. I get most of my stuff from people working in mines controlled by Unita. If he likes what he sees he will call one of his buyers, who will travel here from Lusaka [the Zambian capital] or Namibia. Many of the buyers are South African," said Mr Chitengi.

"These," he said, opening his palm, "are worth about 1.6 million kwacha (\$200). I can also sell you emeralds, gold dust and six tusks of ivory."

This is the heart of Africa's diamond-smuggling underworld, where lives are lost for a few stones wrapped in newspaper and deals are done in remote mud-brick huts.

Once in Zambia — or any other of Angola's neighbours — the stones can be relabelled with a different country of origin, circumventing the EU embargo. This sort of deception can be spotted, with resources and manpower.

But again it raises the question of how serious the EU and its member states are

about taking on the smugglers?

For the good burghers of the Antwerp trade, an aggressive anti-smuggling drive is the last thing they need. The diamond quarter is already reeling from a series of scandals relating to tax evasion and fraud, eagerly seized upon by its enemies in the right-wing Vlaams Blok movement that has polled one-third of votes in the city.

A brief tour of the diamond area, noting the preponderance of Asian traders and businesses with names like Abraham Jewellery or Albert Kozenath, discloses why Flemish ultra-rightists rub their hands at any opportunity to attack the gemstone trade.

The Diamond High Council, the industry body, is anxious to put both scandals and traditional secrecy behind it and

reinvent the quarter as a responsible and vital player in Belgium's economy.

The quarter has been renovated, with a fibre-optic cable connecting all premises and communications purposes. Television cameras are everywhere, and guards sit in cabins at the main entrances. A vast new diamond-exchange building is planned.

The council said: "[The] sector holds its head up, and does not accept the generalisation that diamonds are similar to illegal practices."

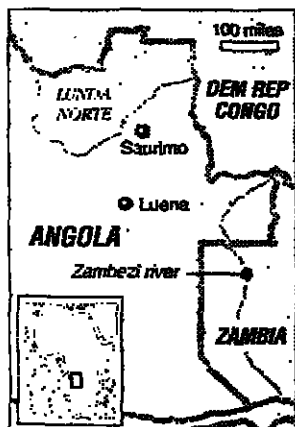
For the Belgian authorities, enforcing the Unita embargo calls for a balancing act. Antwerp's traders, with their profits under pressure, their Vlaams Blok enemies making hay, their accounts under scrutiny and their tax breaks under threat from Brussels harmonisation plans, may de-

clare any strict enforcement to be the last straw and pack their bags for Tel Aviv or Bombay — two booming rival diamond centres.

It has happened before. A change in British VAT policy on uncut stones during the early 1980s initiated a steady decline of Hatton Garden as a gemstone centre.

Antwerp benefited. "They [the traders] just got off the plane one stop early," said a Hatton Garden diamond merchant. In this most mobile of industries, a trader needs little more than a mobile phone and a convivial café in order to do business.

But if Europe takes an aggressive line on the diamond smugglers, its place as the world's diamond hub could be lost as legitimate traders head elsewhere, leaving the racketeers behind to fight a dirty war against the authorities.



'Fear is Nelson's companion;
fear lit with occasional shafts of relief.
And that is what **sport** is about.'

Simon Barnes, *The Times*



Left foot in the grave — garry nelson
a view from the bottom of the football league



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Quick Crossword No. 8821

Across
1 Catty (rather than doggy?) (6)
4 Pair (6)
9 Type of cheese (7)
10 Cheekily self-assertive (5)
11 Go thus to share expenses (5)
12 Songbird (7)
13 Flick knife (11)
18 More than half full (moon) (7)

Down
1 Next to (6)
2 Turn or wrench out of shape (5)
3 Small size (7)
5 Film award (5)
6 Preserved — drunk (7)
7 His house was at Pooch Corner (6)
8 Motto of Delphic oracle (4,7)
14 Place on the Internet (7)
15 Alternative to match (7)
16 Horrified (5)
17 Riches (5)
19 Unconcealed (5)
21 Nobleman (5)

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saturday

The Guardian

review

Saturday August 8 1998



Left holding the baby... while mum Michelle goes off to work, Andy Pattison — like many Middlesbrough men, unemployed and full of restless energy — cares for their child

PHOTOGRAPHS: SEAN SMITH

The future is female

Before long most of the workforce will be women. But what sort of work will they be doing?
Melissa Benn finds out in Middlesbrough — where the brave new world has already arrived

Everyone knows that by the year 2002 women will have overtaken men in the job market. And almost everyone knows, in a pub-bore sort of way, that this shift is something to do with the decline in manufacturing plus recession plus the rise of the service industries.

Less commonly known, though, is that in many places the future is not some distant promise or threat — we are already living it. In several of the UK's biggest cities and towns, and many of its scattered

urbanised districts, the balance has already swung decisively away from men and towards women. There are, for instance, already more women than men employed in Glasgow, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester and Bristol.

These may not be "real" jobs in some people's eyes: they often don't pay much money or use up a full week's worth of time. But something unthinkable — for the Victorians, certainly, for our parents generation, possibly — is happening all around us. Economically speaking, women are on the ascendant while men are

fading from view. It is hard to imagine exactly what this present/future world is really like. Will it only ever be a sort of negative, a ghostly structural image that indicates what has been filtered away — the men and the machines? Or are we entering a brave, perhaps even interesting, new female world?

According to the latest government figures, Middlesbrough ranks highest in the league of significant industrial towns and cities in terms of the proportion of its workforce that is female. Considerably more than half — 55.37 per cent — is

now women. That's more, proportionately, than the other main contenders: Liverpool (54.5 per cent), Glasgow (51.5), Bristol (51.3), Manchester (51.2) and Sheffield (50.8). Is Middlesbrough the shape of things to come?

Drive around Middlesbrough on a weekday morning and you immediately perceive a visible contrast, a palpable struggle between old and new. Rows of modest terraces run adjacent to the greyish futuristic structure of the Training Advice and Development Agency with its brand new conference and video conferencing

facilities, its 40 en-suite hotel rooms, its calm green surrounds. It is a particularly poignant experience to visit the chemical and steel plants on the banks of the Tees. At night, with their miles of illuminated, interweaving tubing, these could easily be Richard Rogers buildings.

Middlesbrough was the original boom and bust industrial revolution town — there was nothing but a swamp until the early 1800s — whose fortunes were built on the shipyards, then steel and then chemicals. ICI and British Steel are still major players in the town but

they employ thousands fewer than they did in their post-war heyday.

There is no such thing as a private story in this town. From the outset the unusual work demographics of the town jump out at you. Ian, our driver round the outskirts of Middlesbrough, is a gentle handsome man who is a dead us that he used to work at British Steel, as a stocktaker in the rolling mills, until three tons of steel dropped on his foot and he was invalided out. Now he works for the Royal Mail and shunts ICI executives from station to confer-

ence, hotel to airport. Meanwhile, Ian's wife Nicola, 14 weeks pregnant with their second child, is putting in for a white-collar job down in the town centre.

Middlesbrough's new, woman-dominated service economy takes some teasing out as it is a semi-hidden, subtle animal. The biggest employer is now the council. And yes, most of its 8,000-plus workers are women, teachers or visitors helping the old, the troubled or the lonely at home.

If there are, in the late 1990s, any corporate giants to match the manufacturers of old, page 14

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Smallweed



Government sources last night described the Leader of the Opposition, William Hague, as "a bit of an old fogey, know what I mean?" when he criticised the appointment of an Islington butcher, Charlie Hamish (49), as a Minister of State for Agriculture with responsibility for the beef industry. Mr Hague's comment that "the way things are going, we'll no doubt be having Tony Blair's baker and candle maker in the Government soon" was further proof, the sources said, that the Conservative leader was "well, hey, right out of the loop". The poor man, they said, seemed not to have realised that the baker had already accepted a job at the DTI, and the candlestick maker was even now winging his way to Tuscany for urgent talks with the premier.

— © Smallweed Political Services 1998.

Since "crony" is set to be Word of the Year, I am asked to explain its origins. Unhappily these are as murky as cronyism itself. It seems to have emerged from university slang in the 17th century, and has nothing to do with crones — a class of person who rarely become the cronies of political leaders, except of course for Machbeth. Samuel Pepys refers to his schoolmate Jack Cole, "an old crony of mine", and at much the same time Samuel Butler writes in Hudibras: "He bent his Breast, and tore his Hair/ For loss of his dear Crony Bear." It could also be used as a verb. Thus Disraeli writes in Vivian Grey: "I wonder whom Grey will crony with in this hall?" More philosophically, Lord Lytton asserts in his novel Paul Clifford that "Melancholy ever crones with sublimity". I am not quite sure what this means, if indeed it means anything.

Government sources late last night denounced as "right off the tablecloth" complaints by a handful of Labour MPs against the surprise appointment of the Tuscan aristocrat Prince Strozzi as the Government's housing minister. "Look, I mean — hey, I just don't know what these guys are on about," one source protested. "I mean, this is supposed to be an inclusive government, and on any definition, inclusive means rich Italians as well." Despite his wealth, the spokesman reminded reporters, Prince Strozzi had quite recently come quite close to being temporarily homeless himself.

— © Smallweed Trans-European Political Services 1998.

A milestone in the history of this column was triumphantly surmounted last weekend when Smallweed at last arrived at the Central Park ground of Cowdenbeath

FC, of the Scottish third division. The fortunes of this team have been the subject of kindly scrutiny here over several seasons. But something — a painful bunion, the need to stay in for the plumber, one's attempts to finish Ulysses — had still now foiled every attempt to visit its picturesque ground.

On Saturday, though, Cowdenbeath's clash with second division Livingston in the opening round of the Scottish League Cup kicked off at 1pm — a time chosen, Smallweed assumed, to allow their Wimbledon-based support to get back to Edinburgh in time for the last train to London. But the truth was a little different. The ground is also used for stock car racing, which is why, unusually for a football ground, the perimeter of the pitch is scattered with enormous white tyres. This Saturday a "world championship" meeting had been fixed for the evening. This arrangement clearly displeased some local supporters, who blamed a Mr MacKenzie, a man they appeared to hold in almost as much contempt as the match referee and the Livingston number 6.

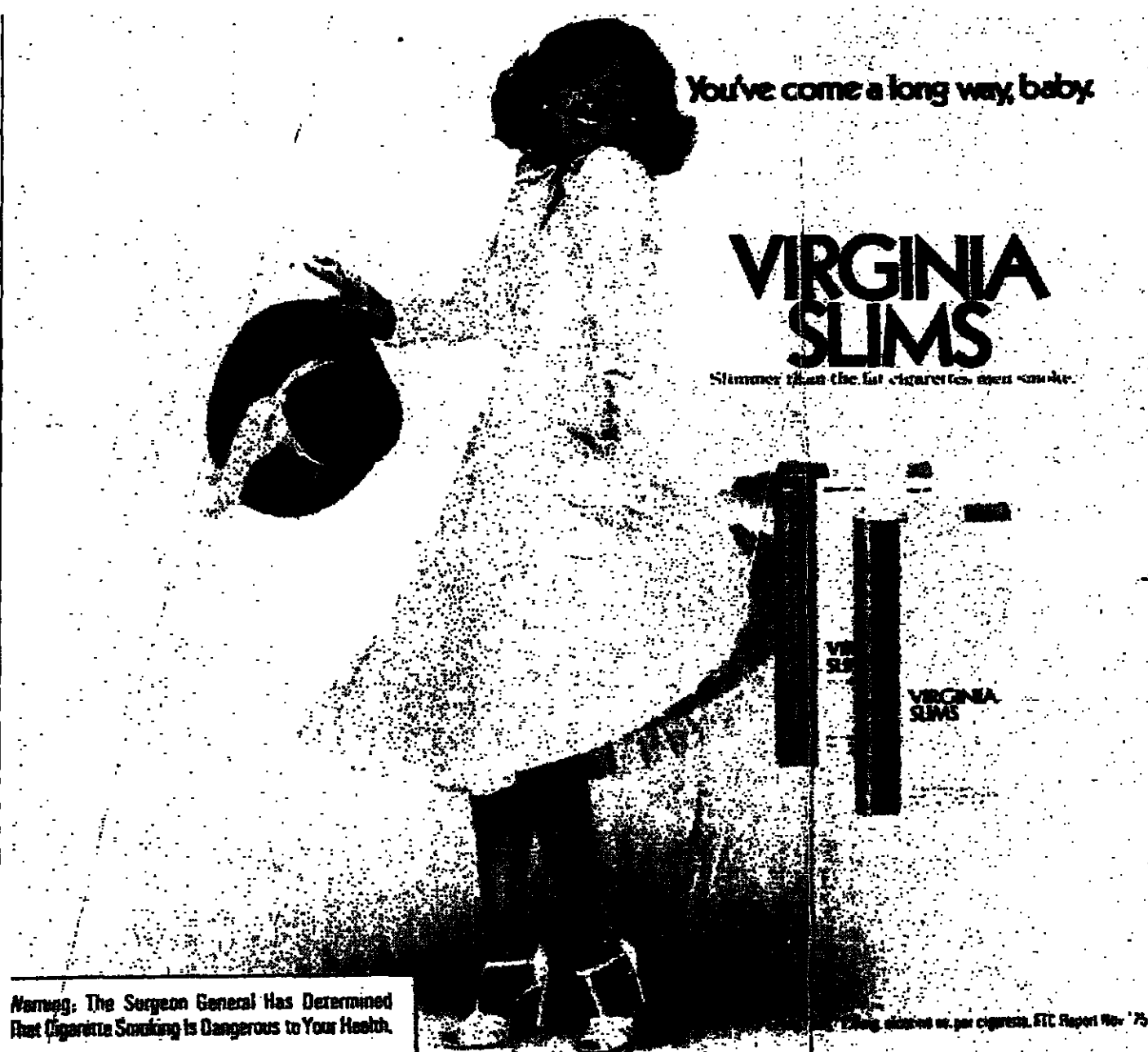
A crowd of more than 500 had mustered — last season's average was nearer 200 — reflecting the fact that Livingston play in a higher division and have a more professional aura about them. Their fans included a drummer and people with World Cup hairdos, and even a banner from Hertfordshire announcing the presence of "Watford Livvy". Cowden, I fear, were rather outgunned, and came in for a bit of stick now and then from their own supporters, one of whom assailed a defender who conceded a needless corner with the words: "It's a wee hoor that you are." I have never heard this expression at Selhurst Park.

I was happy to see that on Tuesday the Blue Brazils, as they're known, disposed of their local rivals Montrose by four goals to nil, which put them, for the moment, top of Division Three. Even the aged and otherwise sweet-natured man who stood next to Smallweed on Saturday, alternating moans of "Oh, dearie, dearie, dear" with gusts of abuse as foul as anything I've ever heard at a football match, must be feeling more cheerful by now.

Government sources early today denounced as "pitiful" objections to the appointment of a Danish elkhound called Zoe, a present to Tony Blair from his Tuscan holiday hosts, to the post of Lord Privy Seal. The Conservative leader, William Hague, had described the choice as "a tad unwise". "We shall have to wait for six months," he complained, "while she goes through quarantine." "This is, well, like, sheer xenophobia, yes?" said one source. "They say they want ministers who are female, and young. Hey, this one is both — but where is the gratitude?" Such mean-spirited carping, the spokesman revealed, could only have been sprung from "a paranoid hatred of everything Danish."

— © Smallweed Veterinary Services 1998.

The Readers' Editor's column will not appear while Ian Mayes is on holiday.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Should women risk lung cancer to keep weight down?

No Yes

Claire Rayner
Agony aunt
and non-smoker

Annie Marshall
Smoker
for 12 years

Dear Annie Marshall,
The new report from the Cancer Research Campaign says teenage girls are smoking cigarettes to control their weight. I was told about you. They said you're a normal girl of pleasant proportions who deliberately uses tobacco to keep thin. I asked if you were sensible, or one of those "the lights are on, but there's no one at home" types who don't know about health. No, they said, you're quite keen on it. That's why you want to be thin. It's healthy!

That is a load of the ripest old garbage. Normal young women are designed to have a layer of curve-creating fat on their bodies. Its purpose is first to make a girl attractive to potent young men and, when that attraction has done its job, to supply her body with the wherewithal for baby-making and feeding. All very efficient.

very effectively make people thin. You might retort that as a woman well past the age of needing to attract men (I've already got one, round as a butterball) I would say that. But truly my reaction is not due to any jealousy of thin people. It's because (a) I know how lethal smoking can be, and (b) I just can't see how these skinny people can ever be considered beautiful.

Dear Claire Rayner,
I have also read the recent stories about teenage girls being driven to nicotine because they want to be like stick insects and I was shocked at their motives, too.

When I started to smoke, aged 15, I naively thought it added sophistication to my hunched-up school skirt. But, unfortunately, the habit has stuck. Back then, I could eat anything, and I mean anything, without putting on weight. Now times have moved on (I'm 27), leaving my metabolism

behind in the slow lane. I still want to eat anything and everything. I have little self-discipline, and if that cigarette wasn't between my fingers, you can bet I would have a small piece of chocolate there.

tion. The cash you don't spend on cigarettes will cover the cost. Sweat your way to smoke-free beauty. Work hard enough and you can have the occasional chocolate and burger as well. And you will feel wonderfully pleased with yourself.

Yours,
Claire

Dear Claire,
Your advice is much appreciated although depressing. But telling me that middle age will ensure further increase in volume does not convince me that giving up will guarantee me a svelte figure.

I am a member of a health club where I force myself to endure regular bouts in an attempt to make the outy bits go in. This has only become a necessity recently. I didn't have to do it as an adolescent. Unless the youth of today has radically changed from my youth, offering a teenager the option of working out as an alternative to lighting up is not the answer. The next generation believes it can puff its way into adulthood. What better "adult" argument than "I do it to keep trim"?

Yours,
Annie

Dear Annie,
Whatever I say you will find a reason not to give up cigarettes. You blame me by implying I promised you a svelte figure if you gave up. I didn't! I simply pointed out that smoking is not slimming. Well-chosen food and exercise are.

But why, in the name of common sense, do you and young women like you drive yourselves bonkers and engage in a potentially lethal activity so that you can all look the same — all squeezed out of the same tube of toothpaste? Being curved, plump or even plain fat is no crime. Nor is it pleasure-limiting in any way. I speak from experience.

The future is female

page 13 there are probably the banks and building societies. But the Abbey National is down river at Stockton-on-Tees, not here.

The town is struggling to create new jobs out of its tourism and leisure business. (I lose count of the number of times I am told we are just a short drive from the Dales or salmon fishing.) Council officials and social entrepreneurs talk of reviving the town's potteries, or the soon-to-be-opened municipal swimming pool or the newly refurbished Captain Cook Memorial Birthplace Centre, opened in April. But the jobs these provide come in handfuls, maybe hundreds, certainly not thousands.

If anything can stake a claim to be the factory of the late 20th century, it is the call centre. A recent Comedia/Demos report suggests there are 7,000 centres nationally, employing some 200,000 people. It has even been claimed that soon a million people will work in these phone banks. Some critics have argued that the call centre represents the "industrialisation of white-collar work". But Diane Coyle, author of *The Weightless World*, has a more positive view: "People who would have been factory fodder now sit at keyboards rather than production lines; and they prefer it."

and girls wielding their mobiles to happy effect. Within five minutes, listening to just three routine calls, I am bored. Emma Le-Lean, the operator showing me round, is a mistress of the "kiss and cuddle" of customer service. "Is there anything else you want?" she inquires of a male caller. "Just a new head and a bottle of vodka," the caller replies. It sounds like a script. "Sorry..." she giggles into her headset, looking straight ahead, exactly like those benign women in the TV motor insurance ads.

The voice of the call centre is that of all our "caring" futures: the honeyed courtesy, easy intimacy, the repetition of the customer's name, like someone longing to be liked. But the effect is spooky: people playing at being people.

The woman behind Middlesbrough's first call centre is Cheyenne Garland, currently Teeside Businesswoman of Achievement. Garland, 41, is a classic working-class girl made good. The daughter of a fruit seller and a barmaid, she had started her own debt collection agency by the age of 23. "I always knew I wanted to be a major player. I always knew I wanted to be in control."

Garland is convinced that women are better at this game than men. A fifth of her company — debt collection and call centre combined — are men, but she concedes this is unusual. She believes that while "guys can be trained and monitored to give customer service, generally the nature of women is more conciliatory, less confrontational. It makes them better suited to telephone work."

Michelle Pattison has worked at Garland's call centre since it opened last November. At 29, she is more realistic about the work than the new recruits who tell me how much they love the job, and how the day flies! Michelle says: "But I do like meeting (sic) people. I got this Irish guy on the phone. He was having problems with his husband and I couldn't sort it out so I asked him whether he could go to his nearest store. He said: 'Have you seen all the trouble in that field in Ireland? Well, I'm an Orangeman and I'm not moving. I'm here to assert my right to walk down the Queen's highway.' And I got a bit cheeky back: 'Well, it's our highway because we pay the taxes, not the Queen.'"



Counting the cost of male unemployment... Andrew Pattison and three-year-old son James

This is Michelle's second call centre job. "You get a bit fed up after about six months, unless you get promoted and taken off the phones," Michelle has a degree. Five years ago she was a buyer.

"The money was good; you know, it was the eighties. I was earning more than I'm getting now."

Her dream now is to be a primary school teacher. But such plans are on hold until her husband Andy, who looks after the couple's three-year-old son James, can get work. Apart from some casual driving, pizza delivery mostly, Andy has been unemployed for nearly two years.

He is full of restless energy, cramped with frustration at the lack of opportunities open to an unskilled male like him. "I saw a security job advertised — £1.50 an hour. Who's going to take that? And then these companies come on the television and say that

people don't want to work." You cannot escape it. This problem of male unemployment. It preoccupies everybody, a negative cloud, much more than the positive fact that women are at work.

But then, the women don't want to dwell on it either. As Cheyenne Garland says: "I get so sick of seeing Middlesbrough talked of as a kind of impoverished underworld."

girls or boys, until someone can replicate the processes of a good childhood for them, the kind of childhood you and I had, knowing the importance of discipline, homework, nutrition, getting a good night's sleep. But what school or scheme can really do all that?

The simple dichotomies of old men/new women, the easy talk of opportunities in the new service sector, simply do not hold. They take no account of class and chance, of in-built disadvantage. Girls will not prosper just because they are girls. And the sharp young men of the future will recognise the professional importance of "customer care". They too will become gentle and conciliatory if that is the way to get on.

Clare Lees of the Henley Centre says that it's happening already. "Some large companies are using call centres as a training ground. And the young men recognise it as a good way into a strong branded company. If they do well at the customer end of things it will help their internal progression."

And when the low pay and long hours get you down, and when the shoppers are irritating you to distraction with their silly questions, well then, just carry on smiling in that customer caring style. This is the future, remember. And the future is female.

Now for the bad news
Ian Jack

'M'en come together to live. They remain together in cities to enjoy the good life." Aristotle was right more than 2,000 years ago — and the centuries have not eroded his wisdom.

The fortunes of the city have waxed and waned throughout our history, but in my view their prospects now are brighter than at any time in the recent past. This is, in part, because people are beginning to realise that it makes more sense to regenerate our existing urban areas to meet housing demand than to leave them to rot. Leaving the countryside as green as possible while regenerating the cities to provide homes and amenities is a laudable aspiration, and one which I will continue vigorously to champion. Yet if this aspiration is to be turned into reality, some things will need to change — not least the attitudes and practices within the disciplines of much orthodox planning, property management and architecture. These have all contributed to the present malaise in so much of our urban environment.

My own involvement in these areas over the last few years suggests to me that we are at last reaching a stage in our views about architecture and the urban environment and that there is now some evidence that a more humane scale of planning and

Is the **Prince of Wales** ready to make peace with the new architecture and its carbuncles? Here he explains how he's setting up a new foundation to try to humanise cities

I'm modern. It's modernism I hate

building can prove its worth. Let me offer one or two examples.

At Poundbury, on the edge of Dorchester, the Duchy of Cornwall is developing a new settlement as a completely commercial project. I was determined that it should offer good housing for rent and for people living locally; and, in time, as the project grew, also new local shops and decent community services. It was designed to do so in a way which respected the fine traditions of local and regional architecture, house construction and town planning, and would serve to enhance the quality of the historic town, blending it with the Dorset landscape.

Today, despite the early siren warnings of some sceptics, Poundbury is becoming a huge success: 140 homes are built and occupied and 150 people are working in new workshops and factories on the site. It is about as far removed from the soullessness of many housing estates and business

"parks" as one could imagine. In short, it is becoming a place with its own spirit.

The school housed within my existing Institute of Architecture has proved a notable success in offering a unique series of opportunities for those who find the more conventional approaches to architectural training to be out of step with their needs. In particular, the school's foundation course has been so successful that others now see the merit in this form of introduction to the essentials of good design and building.

Of course, I recognise that the institute as a whole has had its fair share of problems — what new organisation doesn't? — but we have now tackled them. And we have done so decisively, because I believe that the work of the institute matters. I want it to flourish, and I am convinced it will: in fact, I am more confident about its future than I have been for some time — and confident too

about the contribution it can make to the important issue of improving the built environment of our country.

These initiatives are intended to reflect a more holistic view of what cities and towns should be; a view which properly recognises the supremacy of people rather than planning ideologies, the need for neighbourhoods rather than vast housing or industrial estates, and the importance of continuity as well as change.

I know there are many other projects where genuine efforts are under way to promote some of the more timeless principles of good town planning, such as pedestrian scale, civic art and respect for traditional building materials — principles which have appeared to be absent from a lot (but by no means all) of modern building.

It has always seemed obvious to me that regenerating towns and cities must demand a proper understanding of what has

actually made them work — a discipline which was perhaps better understood during the two or three thousand years before the profession of modern town planning was invented. To be "urbane" is, after all, to be civilised and cultured, the antithesis of the disorder and ugliness that has come to be associated with some urban "planning".

Holding these views can be a hazardous business, yet I do believe they strike a chord with the practical realities which face us today. Indeed, I am certain that the drive to regenerate our cities and towns will need to embrace what might be called "traditional urbanism" (not traditionalism) if it is to make them as attractive and functional as they need to be, and as attractive and convenient as the people who live in them deserve.

It is this quest for a more humane urbanism which lies at

the heart of my decision to start bringing together the various initiatives which I have helped to create in the fields of architecture and the urban environment into a new, more unified and more ambitious effort: the Prince of Wales's Foundation for Architecture and the Urban Environment.

The new foundation is about establishing an integrated, practical and creative learning and research environment in a way which I believe is rare. When it becomes fully operational next year, the foundation will embrace formal teaching and training through an expanded School of Architecture and the Building Arts; projects and research; events and publications; regeneration and urban planning; architecture and the fine and applied arts.

It will operate from Shoreditch, east London, within a former industrial building the foundation is purchasing and will redevelop, with close contact with its neigh-

bouring community. In fact, I want the foundation to draw strength and inspiration from that community, which is currently undergoing its own urban renaissance — with new businesses and houses emerging from former industrial sites — while learning the lessons of how some planning in that great part of London has in the past failed the people and businesses who live and work there.

My new foundation will be modern but not modernist. Its values and culture will respect traditional techniques in the disciplines of architecture, design and the building arts, but will also encourage innovation and utterly modern applications of these skills. It will not tolerate pastiche, but neither will it deny the past or celebrate the brash megalomania which sometimes masquerades as creative design. It continues to be my view that the best of modernity flows from the best of tradition.

I care deeply about our country's built and urban environment. Of course, the countryside is vitally important to our quality of life; but the cities and towns are *crucial* to what we are, for they are the living landscapes of the past that link us to the future — in Abraham Lincoln's phrase, "the electric cord that links... the hearts of men" from one generation to the next.

A longer version of this article appears in the current issue of the Spectator.

Now for the bad news

Ian Jack laments a dying tradition of straight reporting in a world of egos, spin, accountants, and dumbing down of the press

The countries that speak and write in the English language have done more for the craft of reporting than any others. Many of the finest exemplars of reportage are British or North American, or from those parts of the world which have been particularly influenced by the newspapers and magazines of London and New York rather than Paris or Rome.

If we accept that good reporting means to describe a situation with honesty, exactness and clarity, to delve into the questions who, what, when, why and how, without losing sight of the narrative, then, with certain famous exceptions, reporting is an English-language specialism, something we're peculiarly good at.

During the Falklands war, in 1982, I spent a few weeks in Uruguay, trying (unsuccessfully) from there to add to my newspaper's knowledge about the state of play among the enemy in Argentina, which was just across the River Plate. Every morning that day's newspapers would arrive from Buenos Aires and we would get them translated from the Spanish. The reports were long by the standards of British newspapers and it seemed impossible that they could not contain interesting information. This was, however, hard to come by. The translator would give up half-way through. "It's just the usual," he'd say. "Metaphors, and more metaphors."

And yet reporting never did have much in the way of social status in Britain, where deference and privacy were valued more than "people poking their noses in", where a dutiful journalist from the local weekly had the same public standing as a gumshoe. Over the last 20 years the esteem of reporters has slithered even further down the scale — from "hacks" to "reptiles". Newspapers and news organisations are now part of the "media

industry" and a subdivision of showbusiness. The old distinctions between the serious and the frivolous — tabloid, middle-market, broadsheet — have largely broken down. "Stories" are important because they sell newspapers; therefore they will be bought, stolen, distorted, spun, sentimentalised, over-dramatised and — should all else fail — invented, to woo a public which has 10 national dailies to choose from, and another nine on a Sunday.

When Rupert Murdoch decided in 1994 that newspapers should have an "inconsequential" price to the customer, one of the results in the price war that ensued was that newspapers became less consequential. On the one hand, some of them were cheaper. On the other, it seemed to matter less if you read one or not.

Perhaps the public had never taken newspapers quite so seriously as we who worked for them might have wanted. Now it began to seem that (or some of them) more plainly as crap, and sometimes poisonous crap. This had no obvious effect on their circulation, but when the Princess of Wales died in 1997 there came an unprecedented moment of public opposition and hostility, which, in its excitable unreason (newspapers were blamed for killing the princess; they didn't), owed a lot to the media which an angry public affected to despise.

Meanwhile, the craft of what the late Martha Gellhorn called "serious, careful, honest journalism" has entered its own small crisis. Newspapers cutting their costs to meet reductions in cover-price revenue could afford fewer reporters. Executives did sums.

A reasonably productive staff reporter on a Sunday newspaper might write, say, 2,000 words a week; for, say, 45 weeks of the year (six weeks for holiday and one for "in"); a total of, say, 90,000 words, many of which might never appear in the paper. The cost of these

words would only start with the reporter's salary, say, £40,000. There would be expenses for stays in hotels, train fares, car hire, lunches with "contacts", the company's National Insurance and pension contributions, the reporter's share of general office overheads. What were we looking at here? Perhaps a total annual cost to the company of £60,000 for perhaps 80,000 published words. More than a dollar a word! You might get Gore Vidal at that rate.

The crudest of sums, this business of words per sterling unit, a guide to cost, not value. The less visible benefits of the staff reporter are availability, commitment, persistence, skill, an expertise and authority in such subjects as schools, religion, science or China. These were often discussed. After all, how many actual or potential readers cared about China? What did the market research show? It showed that many readers barely glanced at a foreign news page.

Furthermore, you could contract a freelance reporter or, better still, a freelance columnist (cheaper: columnists stay home) and fill the same space for two thirds of the cost or less. The old CP Scott dictum on the Manchester Guardian had been: "Comment is free, but facts are sacred." Now there was a paraphrase: "Comment is cheap, but facts are rather expensive."

Reporting, the serious end of it, is also in trouble more generally. Something in the climate mitigates against those Gellhorn words "honest", "careful", "thoughtful". Today a spectre haunts the editorial floor — the spectre of the reader's boredom, the viewer's lassitude. If customers are to stay with the product, they need, or are thought to need, a diet of surprise, pace, cuts-to-the-chase, playfulness, provocation, drama, "human interest".

Britain's popular press has had a shrewd sense of its mass audience since the days of Lord Northcliffe, but that sense now infects every newspaper and television bulletin; in an unforgiving market, all of them perceive the need to be more popular and therefore more dramatic, playful and "human". A sort of warmth has been achieved at the expense of credibility and trust.

One effect has been to demote "straight" reporting, the kind of reporting which relies on accurate information for its value and interest. Another effect has been to enslave traditional broadsheet journalism within the borrowed tricks of tabloid presentation. This is not just a case of larger headline type. Headlines are now used to sell the story rather than simply to

tell a highly compressed version of it. The result, often, is a thickened layer of editorial artifice and judgment.

The writer has another voice added to his or her own, a voice which can say ho-ho, tut-tut or why-oh-why, and suggest to the reader how he should feel about what he is about to read, before he has actually read it. When in 1996 a gunman walked into a school classroom in Dunblane, Scotland, and shot dead 16 children and their teacher, the Financial Times was alone among British newspapers in using a strictly factual headline: "Dunblane In Grief After Gunman Kills 17 At School". Every other broadsheet carried a variant of "Massacre Of The Innocents", and in this way articulated our sadness and outrage for us, before we could feel it.

Newspapers with claims to be serious in most other countries — the US, France, Germany, India — would not have presented the story in that way. Britain has developed a singular sort of media culture which places a high premium on excitement, controversy and sentimentality, in which information takes second place to the opinions it arouses.

Nobody can really estimate the social consequences. Though quasi-sociological phrases such as "dumbing-down" and "the sentimentalisation of Britain" have

become common, it is never easy to disentangle the audience's effect on the product from the product's effect on the audience, which has the greater influence on the other?

One of the striking features in the week leading up to the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales, was how the media and the public seemed to reinforce one another: the media would report large crowds outside London's royal palaces and in consequence the crowds the next day would be even larger — cause and effect, effect and cause, like a fuel-less machine driven by perpetual motion.

When I saw them on television, I thought of something I'd read 10 years before, in Professor John Carey's excellent introduction to the Faber Book of Reportage. "When we view reportage as the natural successor to religion," he wrote, "it helps us to understand why it should be so profoundly taken up with the subject of death, in its various forms of murder, massacre, accident, natural catastrophe and warfare."

But if reportage is a religious substitute, are reporters the new priests? Some are, in this sense: that they believe they know "the truth" and have a duty to tell it in the belief that it will change the situation, often one of human suffering, that they describe. Sometimes their reports do achieve this; their directness and compassion are rewarded by corrections to government policy or plane-loads of food directed to areas of famine.

The danger, however, is that dripping sympathy and a certain weary sager with the injustices of the world become part and parcel of the reporter's kit and reputation. It is easy for a reporter to imply that something must be done — who wants to see children die? —

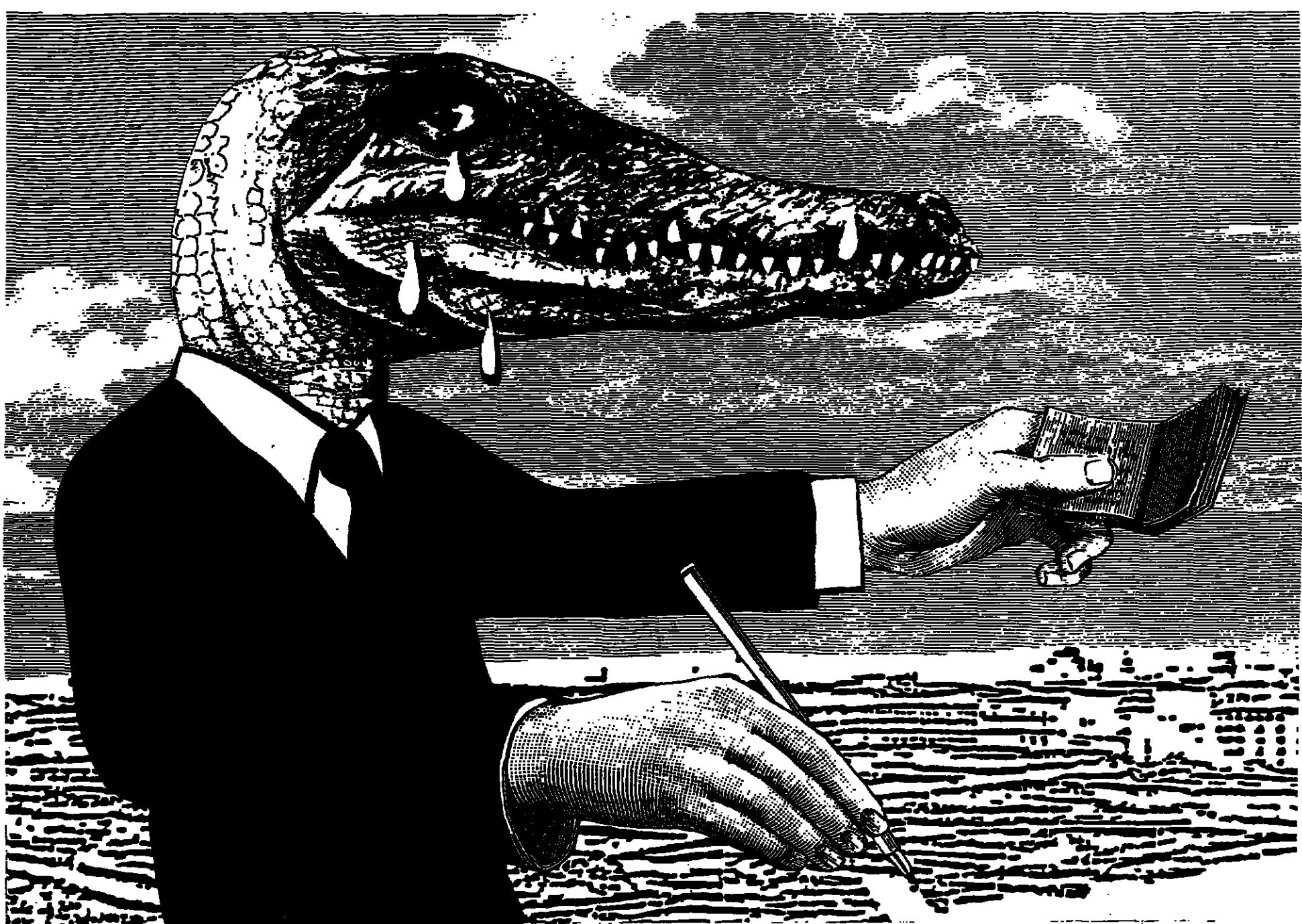
but much harder for the reporter's audience to know what can be done, or how they are to do it, the world being a complicated place. Also, the impression may grow that this is only a particular reporter's *modus operandi*, a professional strategy to show him as a very decent guy, a route to the celebrity which in the end is the enemy of good reporting; the messenger has become more important than the message.

Martha Gellhorn, who was a reporter for more than 50 years, never became like that. She wrote in 1987, when she was late in her seventies, that "a writer publishes to be read; then hopes the readers are affected by the words, hopes that their opinions are changed or strengthened or enlarged, or that readers are pushed to notice something they had not stopped to notice before. All my reporting life, I have thrown small pebbles into a very large pond, and have no way of knowing whether any pebble caused the slightest ripple. I don't need to worry about that. My responsibility was the effort."

There are still many excellent reporters in newsrooms throughout Britain, sometimes wondering about their shrinking number, the continuing torrent of columnists ("Yesterday I woke up and thought..."), the increase in other job titles (senior writer, assistant policy editor, chief interviewer) and the strange, sad fact that so few people seem willing to call themselves a reporter any more. It may sound pompous to say so, but the proper scrutiny of society — its successes, failures, corruptions, the lies it tells itself — depends on their work.

This is an extract from *The Granta Book Of Reportage*, published on August 13 at £8.99. Ian Jack is editor of Granta magazine and former editor of the Independent on Sunday.

Illustration by Andrzej Klimowski



As Martha Gellhorn (right) wrote: 'All my reporting life, I have thrown small pebbles into a very large pond, and have no way of knowing whether any pebble caused the slightest ripple. My responsibility was the effort'



books

A subway scribbler, high on coke and instant fame, was a goldmine for dealers. **Laura Cumming** reads the pain in the graffiti

Art slave of New York

Basquiat: A Quick Killing in Art
by Phoebe Hoban
400pp, Quartet, £12

By the time Jean-Michel Basquiat began painting his gnomish slogans on the walls of Manhattan in the late seventies, the city was practically covered in graffiti art. Aerosol coated the subway trains, comic-strip images spread from Wall Street to the Bronx. Mayor Koch spent millions trying to expunge every symbol only to see them all reappear overnight. Graffiti became so modish that Twyla Tharp used them as a backdrop for her choreography at the Met and Norman Mailer wrote a whole book on the subject. The only people who couldn't get in on the act were the avaricious art dealers of New

York — until Basquiat helped them out. The most famous black artist of the century was then working as half of a two-man graffiti team known only as SAMO, spraying "poem drawings" teasingly close to the SoHo galleries. "Pay for soup. Build a fort. Set that on fire," wrote SAMO, signing off with his trademark copyright sign. "Push safe... he think," illustrated with a sinister spiky crown. Before long, Art in America was acclaiming this "knock-out combination of de Kooning and subway scribble" and everyone wanted to know who SAMO was. In 1978, Basquiat quite literally sold out: he revealed his identity to the Village Voice for a hundred bucks. The dealers descended and — to quote the subtitle of Phoebe Hoban's excellent biography — made a quick killing in art. By 1988, they had squeezed a fortune out of their captive wild child and Basquiat was dead of an overdose. The first predator had to wear



Crown of thorns? Jean-Michel Basquiat, famous for 15 of Andy Warhol's minutes, or until the coke ran out

PHOTOGRAPH: KATZ PICTURES

him from concrete to canvas. Annina Nosei installed him in her gallery basement with a boombox, a wad of bills and a promise of cash-and-carry. To her relief, Basquiat applied himself to costly canvases exactly as if they were public walls, scrawling cartoons, skulls and zappy phrases across 15 feet of prime commodity which she would then shift for \$10,000. The paintings went up the staircase and the money came right back down. At 19, Basquiat already had a cocaine habit. Nosei sold his paintings wet, unfinished and even with the signatures forged. Basquiat was passing out on the proceeds. Basquiat worked extremely fast — Warhol was especially jealous — and became bored just as quickly. To keep his coke nose to the grindstone, dealers bribed him with limos and girls. The Italian equivalent of Charles Satchi flew him to Rome on Concorde and factory-farmed him for a fortnight

in a hangar in exchange for a constant supply of luxuries. Later, Basquiat pilloried him in a series of paintings featuring a distended pork butcher festooned with sausages and tripe. He also served snakes at a lunch for Uptown dealers and threw stink-bombs at private views. But unlike Malcolm Morley, the British artist who slashed one of his own paintings rather than yield it to a dealer, Basquiat never quite said no. Basquiat had such a rivalrous hatred for Morley, 30 years his senior, that he challenged him to a drawing duel. Battered, Morley accepted and was halfway through a refined, Degas-like sketch when Basquiat defaced it with juvenile scrawls. The competitive drive always ousted the aesthetic. His chief aspiration was to be shown at the Whitney Museum alongside Julian Schnabel, then an international hit, now an eighties throw-back whose reputation is as shattered as the crockery he glued to

his canvases. The only opponent to whom Basquiat ceded was Warhol, who promptly adopted the dreadlocked art star. They conferred so much glory and market value upon each other, said one wag, that it was like Liz Taylor going out with Malcolm Forbes. Hoban's portrait of eighties Manhattan, scrupulously researched and based on hundreds of rivetting interviews, is better than anything written by Brat Packers like Bret Easton Ellis and Tama Janowitz, who incidentally appears here being roundly abused by Basquiat for using a photograph of his Haitian father on the cover of her novel *Slaves of New York*. By night, the Downtown artists circulate among black-light clubs where Madonna and the B-52s perform and the decor — interestingly — involves pickled cow parts. By day, the Uptown art dealers descend like floating spores, looking for canvas and attaching

themselves like fungus on any piece of soggy Wonder Bread. A painting bought in the morning could be sold for three times the price by lunchtime. Collectors bought wholesale, sight unseen. The standard image of Basquiat during these years is of a beautiful, barefoot naïf, dollars falling carelessly from his pockets, signs of the times streaming from his untutored genius straight on to the canvas. Hoban's portrait is far more compelling. In public, he wore paint-spattered Armani, the joke and slayed people with his guileless charm. In private he saw himself as a sophisticated Charlie Parker, manoeuvring motifs like the notes in a jazz riff. He gutted art history for ideas. There are infantile images in his work — a child once complained that Basquiat was always copying his homework — but there are also fragments of Leonardo and Picasso.

By the mid-eighties, Basquiat was snorting coke from a Picasso drawing. His nose was corroded, his teeth falling out and he had given gonorrhoea to several of his many girlfriends. He had become not just the victim but the diagram of the art market, freebase to paint, vomiting to freebase, in order to paint again — the gorge and spew of sale and resale *ad nauseum*. When he died, the first person his girlfriend rang was his dealer, a self-confessed money launderer who has since disappeared. The memorial service was held in a former bank, the eulogy given by Citibank's art adviser. Nobody can quite put a price on a Basquiat now, since so much of his work is tied up in law suits or hoarded by dealers eager to inflate the market. But it is unlikely that Basquiat will have a more truthful and empathetic evaluation than this one.

If you would like to order a copy of *Basquiat: A Quick Killing in Art* (five pips), call the Guardian Culture Shop on 0500 600102.

Natasha Walter peruses the book that stands in for an uplifting dose of Viagra A little bit of nicey nicey, sir?

An Illustrated Anthology of Erotica
edited by Charlotte Hill and William Wallace
3 vols, Little, Brown, £25

Towards the end of the second volume of this three-volume anthology of erotica, you find a troubling review of an erotic book. Restif de la Bretonne, an 18th-century writer, is lying in bed reading a juicy volume that a friend has lent him. "After a score of pages, I was on fire," he tells us. One after another, women who visit him bear the brunt of his desire. He rapes his laundry girl ("She did not put up much resistance..."), a friend of his sister's with "so much fury... she thought I had gone mad," his landlady, and then two more visitors, Seraphine and Agathe. "Such is the effect of erotic literature," Bretonne tells us smugly. Does Bretonne have a point? The purpose of erotica that is written as erotica — as opposed to books that contain passages of sex — must be purely to inflame desire. And since erotica glosses over the problems of sex — in erotica there can be no resistance, no aftermath, no gap between desire and action — maybe it can be blamed for causing a crazy irresponsibility. But one nice thing about this anthology is that only a small proportion of these texts and pictures even touch on violence. Most of them belong in a charmed world where sex is always mutually orgasmic. The women who take part in the sex games of John Cleland or Annals Nin or Frank Harris — always found in this sort of anthology — are almost always "wild with excitement and delight," greeting sex with "the warmest confidence," and "cross-currents of increasing pleasure."

In a way the very idea of erotica, as a genre, feels outdated. Now that writers can use once-forbidden words without any fear of prosecution, collections like these look a bit like collections of old pressed flowers. The erotic staples — the excitable virgins and eager aristocrats — are part of another era, and the language is often hilariously dated: "Oh Jim, you shall stroke me now! You shall violate me again. Won't it be nicey nicey?" runs one risible passage here. And yet once you begin to turn the pages some of the flowers unfold again. For erotica to work, the characters and situations must be purely sexual — that is the constraint of the genre — but they must not be merely generic. It's easy to mock writers like Annals Nin, John Cleland, Frank Harris, Pauline Réage, because they all serve a common goal — the communication of longing, the touch of flesh on flesh. But the best of them remember to create their own dreams, in their own individual and sometimes hypnotic language, thickened with their own obsessions. And let's not forget that although the very word erotica smacks of stockings and corsets and maids, it seems to be as fashionable as ever. Shelves of erotic imprints line the bookstores, and the circulation of the *Erotic Review* has risen from 4,000 to 25,000 in the past six months. These editors have worked hard to try to make sure that there are few thorns in this rose garden. "The Marquis de Sade and other lesser prophets of cruelty and violence have been left to sweat in their own nightmares," they tell us stoutly at the outset, and they criticise James Boswell, for instance, for not distinguishing between sex and love, and calling "episodes of random coupling for money 'illicit love'." But

despite their progressive inclinations, they admit that they had a hard time collecting women's fantasies. "This is unavoidable," they say. But there are now dozens of women writers at work who revel in the patterns of erotica, from the work of a feminist novelist like Maureen Freely, to a researcher like Nancy Friday, or even the erstwhile games of Madonna in *Sex*. The relative absence of women's voices gives this book the top-sided, limping feel of almost all erotic anthologies. These volumes place erotic pictures next to erotic texts, a neat idea that fulfils the necessarily repetitive nature of the genre. To find a sensual 11th-century Indian stone relief next to an extract from the *Kama Sutra*, or a louche 18th-century water-colour next to a passage from *Fanny Hill*, emphasises the sensual impact of the words, and the warmth and weight of

the flesh that is its subject. And the range of the pictures alerts you to some of the things that change, as well as all the things that stay the same, in erotic art. For a start, you can't help but notice how prudish about masculine nakedness we have become. From 5th-century Athens to 18th-century Italy, erotic pictures are pictures of men and women having sex, and erect penises are as common as breasts and vulvas. But with the development of photography comes a gradual purging of penises. The publishers of this anthology know that in the bizarre laws that govern erotica today, a photograph of an erect

penis would land them in court, although photographs of vulvas are ten-a-penny. So erotica — in visual terms — has moved from pictures of people having sex to pictures of naked women, and the static, self-conscious nature of modern erotic offerings contrasts oddly with the energy of the older pictures. As this concentration on the female body takes hold, you can watch the gradual move to making it more and more perfect. The older erotica here celebrates huge bottoms, rounded bellies, low breasts, as well as nubile perfection, while the more recent photography only celebrates the toned and immaculate elegance of the modern model. These books range through such an infinite field of artistic merit — from D H Lawrence or William Blake, to anonymous Victorian magazine fodder; or from Picasso and Rodin to 19th-century postcards — that you can feel dizzy and overloaded after just a few hours' skimming. And because the couplings are decoupled from their contexts, the usual judgments on the works as literature and art are confused. With genitalia and intercourse to the foreground, everything else tends to fall away. In a way, there isn't any place for the reviewer here — the line from the artist to the reader is as direct as it can ever be. This is mood music, and depending on your state of mind when you open these books, you'll find them wicked, cute, inflammatory or tame. Bretonne tried to blame his book, but we know where the blame really lies.

Wicked, cute, inflammatory or tame? One of the less provocative illustrations from *An Illustrated Anthology of Erotica*



Ian Sansom on the wonder of Roget's Wordlist 87n.

Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases
edited by Betty Kirkpatrick
1,381pp, Penguin Books, £14.99

The pages of *Roget's Thesaurus*, with their distinctive two-column layout, are like great rashes, or slices of rare roast beef — thick, raw and juicy — and as likely as not to produce in the reader a kind of linguistic BSR. Heralded by its publishers, in what comes close to a parody of the Thesaurian style, as "incomparably inspirational and creative", the new edition of Doctor Roget's book of wordlists remains both a great temptation and a terrible danger to the aspirant writers and students who are liable to dig in and pig out on the contents with scant regard for the often disastrous long-term consequences: the tell-tale swelling of the sentence structures, the flatulence, the indigestion, and the eventual early death from gorging on word-fat and too much stuffing. *Roget's Thesaurus* slaps the imagination to make the lungs start working, and then feeds it up on a rich diet of oysters and blue vinny until the heart gives out. It is both midwife and undertaker to the English imagination. The new edition serves up the modern crustaceans of language alongside classic and more familiar dishes. Thus, we get totty with honey, air-kissing with salutation, Le Shuttle with the Orient Express, and Tamagotchis with goldfish. Despite the fact that *Roget's* is often misused and abused by those desperately in search of a style, the book remains one of the English language's greatest achievements. Every language has a dictionary, but not every one needs a thesaurus. Where a dictionary offers

definitions, the thesaurus suggests associations; while the dictionary works from word to thing, the thesaurus works in reverse, from thing, or idea, to word; while a dictionary is a book of bare reason, the thesaurus is a work of conjecture and imagination; dictionaries seize words, and make them static, the thesaurus frees them and makes them mobile; dictionaries are for precisians and grammarians, the thesaurus is for dreamers. Most brilliant and strange of all, the thesaurus contains no history, suggests no tradition, and makes no attempt to clarify, justify or explain its inclusions. It is pure poetry. For all his book's apparent eccentricities, Doctor Peter Mark Roget clearly knew what he was doing when he first published the thesaurus in 1852. Compiled from a lifetime's notebooks and put together in a period of just four years, *Roget's Thesaurus* was, and remains, a generous work of single authorship, unlike the 20-volume *Oxford English Dictionary*, which is an exercise in and demonstration of institutional power. Arranged thematically, with its six classes (Abstract relations, Space, Matter, Intellect, Volition, Emotion, religion and morality) emphasising the relation of general principles to simple words, the book seems somehow to imitate the lineaments of mind. It zig-zags along, leading the reader in a great waddle dance to knowledge. A thesaurus, according to itself, is like many things — wordlist 87 n., dictionary 559 n., reference book 589 n., collection 632 n., treasury 799 n. — but it remains unique. It represents mankind's constant search for the right words — the story of our lives. It is also a useful reminder that life can be messy, inconvenient, and does not always come in alphabetical order.

كتاب في اللغة

Is the mask of blackness really an invention of the white world, asks **Kate Teltcher**

Other shades of truth

Masks: Blackness, Race and the Imagination by Adam Lively 296pp, Chatto & Windus, £20
Afrocentrism: Mythical Past and Imagined Homes by Stephen Howe 337pp, Verso, £22

The Stephen Lawrence inquiry has brought issues of race to the headlines yet again. The tragic narrative of racist violence and police negligence has been reported daily. As a victim of white brutality, Stephen Lawrence is turning into an icon of black suffering, while his parents, in their five-year campaign for justice, have become symbols of dignified resistance.

Such images have a history: they feed into a long tradition of representations of blacks which Adam Lively traces in his study, *Masks: Blackness, Race and the Imagination*. Indeed the memory of former black oppression was evoked during the inquiry when proceedings were disrupted by Nation of Islam protesters, whose leader exhorted the Lawrences to "stand firm... Slavery is over".

Slavery and its legacy dominate Lively's wide-ranging account. In the first section of his study, devoted to 18th- and 19th-century Europe, Lively examines the popular culture of abolitionism. He

finds the figure of the slave represented as either the abused victim of a cruel master or the grateful beneficiary of a kind one. The most famous image to emerge from this period was Joseph Wedgwood's abolitionist medallion of a kneeling, pleading slave, framed by the slogan, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

The emancipation of slaves coincided with the rise of racial "science" (an unholy mix of comparative anatomy and phrenology) which reinforced the notion of black degradation. Lively outlines the ways that this and later Darwinian thought established a hierarchy of races which situated Africans as relics of humanity's primitive past at the bottom of the scale.

Primeval Africa was the setting for novels as diverse as H Rider Haggard's boys' own romances and Joseph Conrad's hugely influential *Heart of Darkness*. Lively, however, sees little distance between the two, dismissing Conrad's novella as a proto-fascist tale of imperial adventure, shrouded in "pseudo profundity". The attack on Conrad is refreshingly contentious in a study which, because of its ambitious scope, too often reproduces familiar arguments, and adopts the broad brushstrokes of a general survey.

Lively's real interest seems to lie in the second section, where he addresses 20th-century American



Black and white romanticism come together in Sanders of the River (1935). Paul Robeson thought he was starring in a film that would be a dignified treatment of black culture. The final cut glorified British colonialism. Picture from *Rhapsodies in Black: Art of the Harlem Renaissance*, by Richard J Powell and David A Bailey (University of California, £20)

literature and popular culture. To justify the shift in focus, he invokes the idea of the "Black Atlantic" — the important theory developed by Paul Gilroy that black cultural identity was formed through the complex interaction of different cultures: African, European and American. Lively extends this notion (somewhat tenuously) to include white as well as black American writers. He ranges widely: Mark Twain and Eugene O'Neill are set alongside the writers of the 1920s Harlem Renaissance: Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison rub shoulders with Jean Genet. James Baldwin is placed next to John Updike and Bernard Malamud. There are illuminating analyses and comparisons of individual novels, even if Lively tends to exemplify examples rather than construct

a compelling overall argument. Instead, running throughout is the metaphor that forms the book's title: black identity as a mask. Imposed by society, this mask is constructed of images derived from the European idea of blackness, particularly blackness in performance. Lively sees a long tradition of theatrical blacking up: mummers and Morris dancers with blackened faces, the black-masked Harlequin of the commedia dell'arte, the American minstrel show and, as late as the 1930s, Billie Holiday, ordered to apply dark greasepaint to make her face look blacker.

But this mask can also be worn knowingly, as in that most paradoxical of art forms — jazz. Lively argues that it was with a subversive sense of irony and self-parody that Duke Ellington performed in the Cotton

Club to an almost exclusively white audience, backed by a stage set of southern mansion complete with slave quarters.

According to the critic Henry Louis Gates, parody is almost a defining feature of black cultural identity. But African-Americans have found other, more assertive ways to counter the long history of racial denigration. This is the subject of Stephen Howe's spirited, meticulously researched polemic, *Afrocentrism: Mythical Past and Imagined Homes*.

Afrocentrism has previously come under heavy fire from both right- and left-wing commentators such as Dinesh D'Souza and Robert Hughes, but such discussion has usually been staunchly American in outlook. Now, with unrelenting energy and intellectual rigour, Howe traces the his-

tory and development of Afrocentric ideas in Africa and Europe as well as America, once again following the contours of the Black Atlantic map.

Howe identifies a moderate form of Afrocentrism which advocates pride in African origins, history and culture, and distinguishes this from the more extreme variety which embraces "a mystical, essentialist, irrationalist and often, in the end, racist set of doctrines". Howe does not suffer lax scholarship gladly, and spends much of his time tracking down what he perceives as errors and distortions in Afrocentric thought, large and small.

For Howe, the most important figure in the development of Afrocentric ideas was Cheikh Anta Diop, a Senegalese historian and political activist, whose reputation

is such that the Senegalese group Super Diamono named an album after him. Diop's theories, which form the core of later Afrocentrism, focus on ancient Egypt as a black civilisation. Diop argues that the whole of the African continent was influenced by Egypt. This unified Egyptian-African culture was, in contrast to Eurasian societies, matriarchal, pacific and spiritual in character. It was also the birthplace of all significant forms of human social and intellectual development, so that the glories which Europeans routinely ascribe to Ancient Greece were, in fact, derived from Egypt.

The particular appeal of this theory to African-Americans lay, according to Howe, in Diop's conclusion that Africans could draw the same "moral advantage" from ancient Egypt that Westerners drew from Greece. Howe suggests that Diop's ideas found a ready audience among African-Americans because of the tradition of black Freemasonry, steeped in Egyptian symbolism. But this version of ancient history is, for Howe, deeply flawed, and he details at length its scholarly shortcomings.

A mass of Afrocentric works, including Martin Bernal's famous *Black Athena*, is subjected to Howe's intense and sceptical scrutiny. His concern is the way that Afrocentrism is gaining currency and academic respectability in the United States, with its proponents occupying university posts, setting up "Afrocentric academies" and advising public school authorities on Afrocentric curricula. Howe discounts the morale-boosting benefits of Afrocentrism as a diversion from the real cause of African-American problems: economic deprivation.

But Howe's most scathing judgments and dismissive wit are reserved for the extreme forms of Afrocentrism: Frances Cress Welsing's hymn to the wonders of melanin, the chemical responsible for pigmenting skin ("perhaps the most fantastic stuff on the planet"), her theory that AIDS is a genocidal white conspiracy directed against blacks, and Yusef Ben-Jochannan's anti-Semitism and public advocacy of the killing of whites. Such views strangely mirror the hierarchies of 19th-century European racial thought and sadly prove the paradox that racism is no respecter of skin colour.

Stuart Jeffries on low-calorie substitutes for classics

Proust for slimmers

Proust Among The Stars by Malcolm Bowie 346pp, HarperCollins, £19.99

There have been too many books about Proust in recent years. Alain de Botton's *How Proust Can Change Your Life* is only the most successful — a publisher's dream of a book, since it is coming, British and short. British in that it takes *La Recherche Du Temps Perdu*, boils it furiously and so reduces the thing to an obliging self-help manual for those with unfulfilled literary pretensions. Then there was *The Year Of Reading Proust* by Phyllis Rose, a memoir of reading a book mostly for those who will not get around to reading the book. To complete the trilogy we need the Penguin 60-sized confessional memoir-cum-self-help manual, *The Little Book of Proust*, to rest on your workstation for service in those stressful moments. I'll rattle it off this afternoon.

Malcolm Bowie is alive to the tawdry seductions of the Proust industry, to the huge displacement activity that is publishing and reading books that are infinitely thinner than their inspiration. His book is thinner, too, but at least does the right thing: it sends you off enthusiastically into Proust's imaginative world, rather than creating a less interesting one of its own.

Bowie (who labours under the title of Marshall Roth Professor of French Literature at Oxford) writes

of the temptations of pseudo Proustiana: "There was a world of would-be Proustian experience that seemed not to require that the novel be read, a universe parallel to that of Proust's text and maintained in being by the combined forces of gossip, travelogue and voyeuristic biographical speculation."

Bowie is tormented by the spectre of literary tourism, but an impoverished one. He finds himself breakfasting on the hotel terrace at Cabourg, inspiration of Proust's fictional Balbec, and unconsciously persuades himself that he can see characters from the novel fitting across the beach. But such persuasion is perdition, and makes him feel terrible. "That was the fear that I might lose a supreme work of literature and never get it back; that I would resign myself to a non-reading knowledge of the novel, a Proust of tea-parties and table-talk, of selected short quotations and haunting images that had long ago drifted free of their original textual moorings."

There are plenty of quotations from Proust in Bowie's book, none, though, all best to back ceaselessly to what he calls that "three-thousand-page incubation, an insolently protracted exercise in word-magic". Insolently protracted, yes: to those who say they haven't the time to read *La Recherche*, Proust says find it, I'm worth it. Bowie's book helps to explain why.

Chapters are thematically organised around self, time, morality, poli-

tics, sex, and death — and each one challenges traditional interpretations of Proust's handling of these themes, and deepens one's pleasure in and understanding of the novel.

Best yet, and this is the real lesson of this study, Bowie rejects the notion that Proust wrote a *roman à clef*, even though we may long for this to be true. Proust's treatment of death is emblematic of how the book refuses to supply simple keys. True, some have mistaken *La Recherche* for a novel that proselytises in favour of the notion that art can transcend death. But no.

Instead and wonderfully, Proust often writes of death with syntactic and grief-focused emotional simplicity, juxtaposed with those characteristic Proustian sentences "compulsively from ceaseless voracity", as Bowie puts it. Thus, when the narrator looks at his grandmother's corpse: "A smile seemed to be hovering on my grandmother's lips. On that funeral couch, death, like a sculptor of the Middle Ages, had laid her down in the form of a young girl."

And yet death, Bowie recognises, like everything else Proust touches in *La Recherche*, comes alive in its multiplicity, as something about which the narrator can be many, contradictory things — poignant, sarcastic, speculative, philosophical.

But what about the stars that Bowie refers to in his title? You'll find no short cuts here. Just read his excellent book and find out for yourself.

The List

From Wodehouse to Wittgenstein, by Anthony Quinton (Carcanet, £25)

Quinton doesn't actually try to make a case linking PG and Ludwig; it's just that his essays on the two are printed one after the other. This is a pleasantly meandering yet always rigorously cultivated collection from the esteemed political philosopher, taking in his thoughts on universities, the will in ethics, the British Empire, continental philosophers, and a scintillating logical demolition of homophobia, which exemplifies the enduring power of Quinton's

own tradition: don't try to persuade your opponent that it is morally bad to think what he thinks; just show him that it doesn't make sense.

Stings Demolition Man, by Christopher Sandford (Little, Brown, £16.99)

And you thought he was a yowling bass player, rather than a fun-loving bulldozer driver. The title is actually chosen from one of Sting's worst songs, the title track to a cheerful Sylvester Stallone sci-fi flick, but Sandford means it to relate also to the singer's habit of, like, breaking things up — The Police, his marriage — and his difficulty with keeping friends, which has now apparently been over-

come. As rock biogs go, this is a very well written, critical and thoroughly researched guide to the Nabokov and Chaucer-loving groover.

Mad Frank and Friends, by Frankie Fraser with James Morton (Little, Brown, £16.99)

Oh, what laughs they had, the salt of the earth, going about torturing and maiming each other in the golden days when your kids could still play in the street. That Fraser is a media celebrity these days is not the noblest compliment to modern culture; yet there is something oddly pitiful in the boxing stance he assumes on the dustjacket.

Steven Poole

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PLM: Simon Armitage, Tim Parks, Todd McEwen and Richard Ford

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It was supposed to be a nice little documentary about a sixties icon, but *The Falconer* has become the most fought-over film in years.

Jonathan Jones reports

Bring me the head of the weirdest man in London

Twanging his electric guitar in a den piled high with sixties relics, the film-maker Peter Whitehead compares himself and the novelist Iain Sinclair, who has just made a documentary about him, to the protagonists of the 1969 film *Performance*. Whitehead thinks of himself as Turner, the androgynous rock star, and Sinclair as the intruding, psychopathic gangster Chas.

It seemed a silly, self-dramatising thing to say, but when I thought about it I saw his point. Whitehead was a friend of Syd Barrett and lover of Nico, a pop cineaste who made *Tonite Let's All Make Love in London* and worked with the Stones, filming them in forties drag to promote *Standing in the Shadows of Men* and dressing Jagger as Oscar Wilde for the release of *We Love You* after his 1997 drugs conviction. Iain Sinclair is an East End writer, a novelist of violent, vituperative rage, whose fictions dissect the nastier bits of London history. Amid all the bitchiness that currently surrounds their relationship it seems to be Sinclair who has acted in a perverse and irrational way.

Sinclair's film, entitled *The Falconer*, makes allegations about its subject that are every bit as extreme as the wild words of Courtney Love's *Baby* enemies in Nick Broomfield's film *Kurt And Courtney*. It portrays Whitehead as a paedophile and murderer. The *Falconer* began as a consensual project, a Channel 4 film about "the lives and works of Peter Whitehead" to be made with the full involvement of its subject. But

now the relationship between film-maker and subject has catastrophically broken down.

The first time I spoke to Whitehead about the film he was trying to enjoy the notoriety, but since then he has consulted his lawyers and now insists that it be clearly subtitled "a fiction" and under no circumstances called a documentary. He condemns its portrayal of him as the projection of someone else's sick mind. "His father was a surgeon," he says of Iain Sinclair, "his father cut people up. Iain does the same. He is a serial killer. He is a stalker. In his mind, if not otherwise, he is Jack the Ripper."

However, Sinclair says when they exchanged letters about the film, Whitehead first called it a masterpiece — comparing it to *The Wasteland* — before completely changing his mind.

I once met Iain Sinclair a few years ago in a cellar under the City of London among abandoned boilers, dust-filled bathtubs and general creepiness. Before you could say "psychogeography" he went down a narrow tunnel that may have led to the inner sanctum of masonic mysteries or the main sewer. I asked him if he really believes Hawkmoor's churches are aligned with arteries of power through the body of London — but I didn't get a straight answer. He's been examining the entrails of London since the early seventies, toiling on his morbid mythologies even as they're punched by the likes of Peter Ackroyd. He also attempted to bring down Margaret Thatcher through prophecy in his 1989 novel *Downriver* and then subsequently claimed success in a letter to Angela Carter. But it's only



Petit (left) and Sinclair, whose film portrays Whitehead as a paedophile. Below, Whitehead in the sixties and in the film, pictured after a heart bypass operation. **MARC ATKINS**

since publishing his more accessible collection of essays *Lights Out For The Territory*, which included an account of how he conned his way into Jeffrey Archer's riverside penthouse, that he's started to receive his due as a writer of spuriously brilliant prose.

The Falconer is a collaboration with film director and crime novelist Chris Petit, a member of the rat pack of noxious writers, shamanistic performance artists and skinhead theorists with whom Sinclair likes to wander around London. When I went to Sinclair's house in Hackney I found him and Petit sniggering over what they've done with Peter Whitehead's life. Sinclair explained how they recorded hours of unused footage with Whitehead, went to the Hebrides to see him provoke UFO activity by "calling down the light" and took a trip to Greenwich to hear paranoid novelist Stewart Home depicting the Royal Family as Satanists who plan to stage a mass human sacrifice in the Millennium Dome.

Sinclair claims Whitehead saw him merely as his Boswell. But Sinclair and Petit did everything they could to metamorphose Whitehead's story. "I thought, I don't want to be making Peter Whitehead's autobiography," said Petit. So they set about disfiguring their documentary into a fiction. They introduced the idea that Peter Whitehead was a stalker and a paedophile, and had killed someone. They erased every reference to his sixties films — the original justification for the documentary — until in the finished film "there is no sixties. He's a ghost without a real past."

Sinclair gave me an example of how this was done. One day they went to Cambridge with Whitehead to have lunch with a friend who backed his first film, *Wholly Communion* (1965), a record of Allen Ginsberg at the Albert Hall. But they edited out any discussion of this: "Now [after editing] it looks as if the whole lunch was just a confession by Whitehead about this affair with his daughter," said Sinclair. "He goes on about how he fell in love with his

daughter, and by the way it's cut it becomes a Lolita-esque episode of some sort." By the way it's cut — in retrospect this seems an extraordinary confession.

Utterly baffled, I visited Peter Whitehead in Pychley, a hamlet near Northampton, where he has a row of thatched cottages connected together to form a warren of a house. Whitehead and his wife Dido — née Goldsmith, cousin of Jennima Khan — live here with their four daughters. Dido paints, he writes occult novels. He has a Russian mistress, Olga, who's part of the family. On this first encounter I found him trying to be sanguine about the film. After all, Sinclair's interest in him for over two years has reinvented Whitehead as a cult figure, with Creation Books publishing his porn photography and a guest appearance at an academic conference boldly entitled *Tonite Let's All Make Love in Lesbos*.

"He took me into the garden to see his Greek theatre, made from a demolished Midland Bank, where his children put on a play for the villagers every summer. I was charmed. Then he led me through a leafy archway into his other folly, an Egyptian temple 'devoted', he told me matter-of-factly, 'to the goddess Isis and to the concept of her union with Osiris'."

One of the cottages once belonged to Howard Marks, who kept drugs there, but Whitehead didn't want to talk about this, tantalising me with the information that Marks was best man at his

wedding before launching into a discourse upon Egyptian magic. "Living out the myth of Isis and Osiris on the spiritual plane," he explained, "means a preoccupation with the meaning of the birth of the falcon Horus, the opening of the Third Eye, the transformation of rational vision into visionary vision — which is where I think they've blown it in *The Falconer*, because I think Chris Petit is too rational and cynical and English to know what we're talking about."

It's a long way from pop art to Egyptological mysticism. Whitehead's most famous film, *Tonite Let's All Make Love in London* (1967), is so steeped in the time it was made, with Michael Caine condemning mini-skirts and Vanessa Redgrave singing a Cuban anthem, that it looks like a pastiche. It also includes what must surely be the only recorded incident of people dancing to Pink Floyd. It was the culmination of Whitehead's career as a fashionable swinging London figure, a self-proclaimed disciple of Godard whose films capture the sexual ambiguity of pop, focusing on a magazine headline celebrating "Girls who look like boys who look like girls", and interviewing David Hockney about his lust for the World Cup-winning English football team.

The title of Whitehead's 1969 film *The Fall*, documenting the brutal crushing of an anti-Vietnam demonstration at Columbia University, sounds like an announcement of his own imminent decline.

Whitehead, once described by Derek Malcolm in the *Guardian* as "always the chronicler of public events and the way they relate to private experience", saw himself as participating in the revolution; he even founded a publishing company, Lorrimer Books, to translate the screenplay of *Godard's Alphaville*. He made his last film in 1973 and then spurned politics and film-making for esoterica and egg-smuggling.

Whitehead's oddest confession had me examining the tape recorder, my shoes — anything so as not to catch his eye. "I have copulated with falcons," he declared. His egg-smuggling exploits led to an appointment as falconer to a Saudi prince, who installed him in a falcon-breeding centre on top of one of the highest mountains in the Middle East. Whitehead practised an unusual method of artificial insemination. "I trained the males to alight on my head. I had a special hat, and they would push against it and ejaculate." He familiarised the female falcons with his scent so they saw him as their mate. "I would never let them see other falcons during the breeding season. I would fertilise them with a special syringe I had developed. Prince Charles came, and he saw me doing it. He saw the sperm come onto the hat. He came up to me afterwards and said — 'that's the most amazing thing I've ever seen in my life'. Those were his words. But the Bedouin hated me; they called me Beelzebub." Whitehead cast himself out of pop par-

adise to take refuge eventually in a drizzly English garden, where he plans to be buried in a sarcophagus in his temple of Isis.

When I spoke to Whitehead the second time, the penny had dropped about the film. Friends of his who have seen *The Falconer* are outraged. Whitehead has accepted that far from reviving his reputation, Sinclair has trashed his identity. I found him full of vengeful fury: "I have surrounded myself with a lot of women, but I have loved them; just to call me a stalker and a predator is criminal. Why do they have to do it? They cannot cope with the fact that I am in a sense bisexual, that my life is a pursuit of the feminine. I have lived my entire life as a quest for a kind of erotic wholeness. And these are two guys who live totally in the world of serial killers and the male mysteries and, you know, Barrow's shooting his wife. This film represents their fear of me."

In *Performance* his most people sympathise with the hard-edged low-life Chas. Yet it's Chas who's wrapped up too tight and goes haywire. Something about Peter Whitehead has driven Sinclair to wildly inappropriate journalistic shortcuts, even to risk being sued. Sinclair is embarrassed by Whitehead, embarrassed by the sixties. To suppress what must have attracted him to the story in the first place, he's rubbed out every reference to Whitehead's former glamour to make him look like a sad, old pervert. I was already inclined to believe Whitehead's version of events when he made the gobsmacking revelation that Sinclair is now working on a book telling the scandalous "true" story behind J.G. Ballard's novel *Crash*, a project which sounds even more insane and libellous. Iain Sinclair seems to be working his way through the cultural figures of his own generation, uncovering sordid secrets, or if necessary making them up, just as he has done with historical figures in his books. Quite why is hard to say. Sixties icons, you have been warned. *The Falconer* will be shown on Channel 4 next month.

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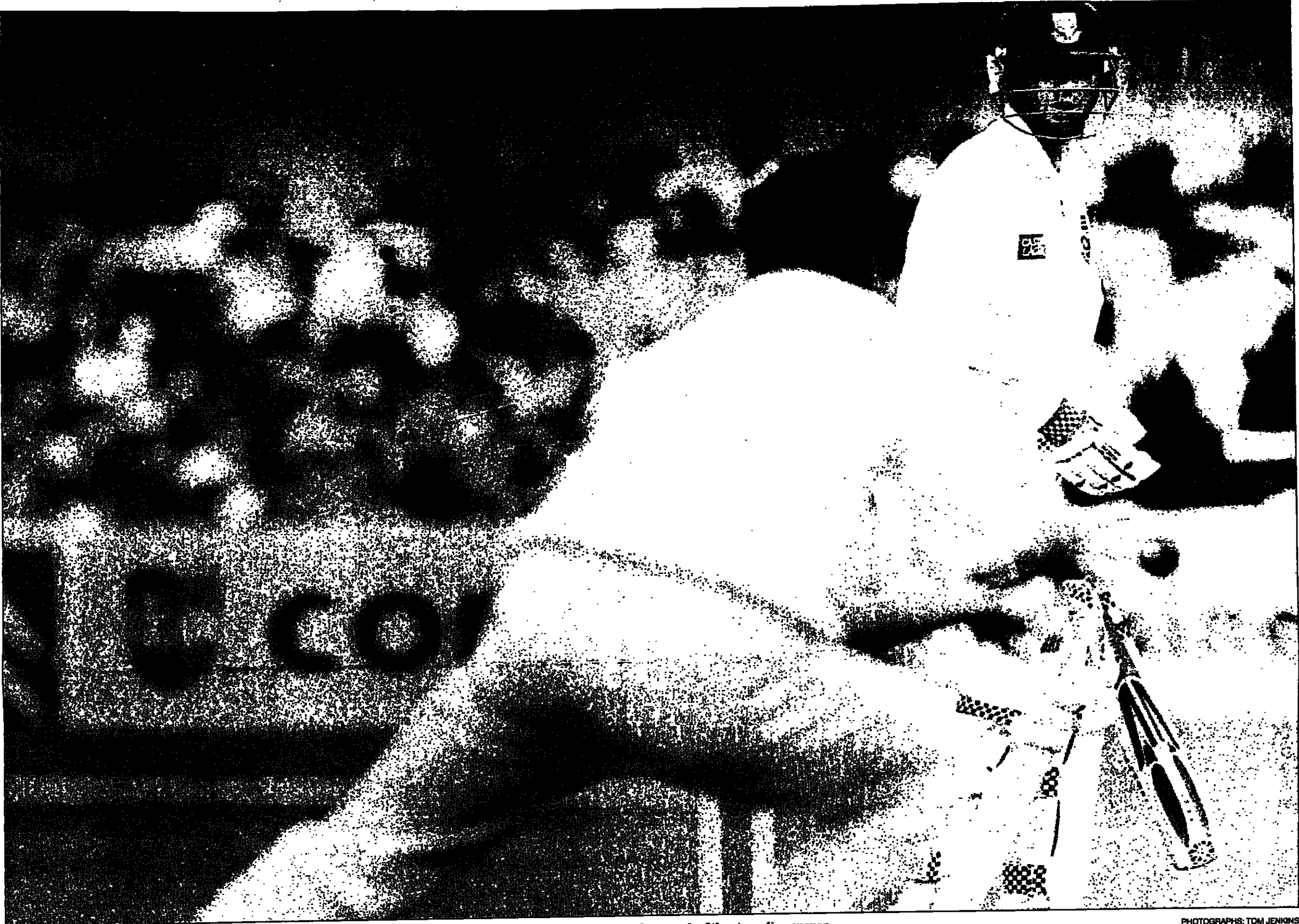
Sinclair has rubbed out every reference to Whitehead's former glamour to make him look like a sad old pervert



The Guardian
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Saturday August 8 1998 ■ www.cricket98.co.uk

South Africa take narrow lead despite more dubious decisions



This Gerry's no pacemaker ... Graeme Hick prepares to accept Liebenberg's edge as Angus Fraser yet again makes short work of the struggling opener

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM JENKINS

England v South Africa: Fifth Cornhill Test, second day

Angus Fraser the great equaliser

Mike Selvey at Headingley sees the trusty workhorse strike back for butter-fingers England

THERE IS, as Bill said to Monica, nothing like doing it the hard way. Ask this England team to scale the Elger and you would expect to see them wearing boxing gloves and a blindfold. So when it comes to trying to win the most significant Test match, they have played in years, why not select a team that goes against the odds? The answer is a straightforward, advantageous first-innings position with a flood of wickets, and finally, if that is not sufficient, drop catches with the ease that Phil Tufnell does almost.

This still proves to be a catch and a guess if by the end of the second day it was South Africa who had their noses in front. Nine without loss overnight, they had lost only six wickets by the time they reached England's last ball. The second new ball just one delivery old, but then lost their last two wickets in as many overs to be all out for 259. A slender lead on paper but larger in the context of a potentially low-scoring match in which they must bat last.

As Mike Atherton took the catch that finished off the innings he must have enter-

tained, fleetingly, the idea of decking it, for it meant that he and Mark Butcher needed to face a single over from Shaun Pollock before stumps. They did so without alarm.

A quarter of an hour earlier it had been Angus Fraser, yet again, who threw his sweater over his shoulder and led the England team from the field. A three-wicket spell with a new ball had given him five wickets in an innings for the third time in succession, and the fifth time in 10 Tests. The older he gets — and he is 33 today, so extra hairy for him — the better he and his old-fashioned virtues seem to get.

South Africa's was, typically, a team effort on a pitch that, with the cloud overhead once more, offered batsmen little respite. Well as some have played so far — and Jacques Kallis certainly did so for his 40 yesterday, as did the impressively diligent Hansie Cronje, who spent almost four hours over 87 with nine precise boundaries — no batsman can ever have regarded himself as truly immune from the unpredictable bounce and movement. One quality innings from either side — the sort that Graham Gooch chil-

England hung in well, but when the dust settles they may yet have cause to regret one potty period of 22 deliveries — through the after-

ies midway through the afternoon when, in the aftermath of one of the most stunningly athletic catches ever seen on this ground, they spilled three chances, followed after the tea interval by another half-chance that on a good day might have been taken.

Cronje, who had played so well at Trent Bridge, twice benefited, when 20 and again when 32, and went on to provide the bedrock of the South Africa reply. Jonty Rhodes was also twice reprieved, just when he was starting to become irritating, and proceeded to make 32.

The final innings may unfold a different plot but yesterday England paid a price for including the leg-spin of Ian Salisbury rather than Alan Mullally's pace. The chance was there to be taken, and South Africa should not really have been allowed the luxury of a lead. But the England attack rarely was able to function consistently as a unit.

These are conditions that require discipline from bowlers rather than flair. Batsmen must be made to work but instead, with attacking fields generally set, there

Happily none the worse for the blow to his left elbow the

bowled manfully either side of the tea interval, beating the bat regularly during a 16-over spell, taking two good wickets and deserving more.

in the morning, when the early incisions should have been made, cost him 25 runs. Another specialist seamer option then, and again later when the new ball was approaching, to bowl in tandem with Fraser or Darren Gough — who took three for 58 — would have meant pressure applied continuously.

Instead, it was a question of chipping away. By lunch, Fraser had removed Gary Kirsten (to a truly shocking lbw decision from Javed Akhtar) and Gerry Liebenberg, while Darryl Cullinan's extravagance got the better of him, causing him to drive vigorously at Gough and edge to Alec Stewart.

When, an hour into the afternoon, the dangerous Kalis pulled Cork to midwicket, where Mark Ramprakash flung himself low to his right and clung on to a miraculous one-handed catch, England were rampant.

Rather than inspire, however, Ramprakash's effort seemed to traumatise the fielders. In quick succession, Cronje was missed at third slip by Nasser Hussain off Cork, Rhodes by Ramprakash at square leg as he pulled Gough, and again by Graeme Hick at second slip off Cork before, with tea imminent, he swung once too often at Gough and edged to Stewart.

Shortly after the interval, Stewart narrowly failed to hold on to an edge from Cronje that was falling short of slip, Cork being the sufferer again. Cork, though, had been turning Brian McMillan inside out with his swing and

a catch chipped to mid-air

At 184 for six, the game remained poised. But Cronje and Pollock, a dangerous No. 8, added 53 for the seventh wicket, taking South Africa into the lead before Cronje, well forward to Fraser and the new ball, was none the less adjudged lbw by Akhtar. It set Fraser on a roll.

Pollock, taking the attack to the bowlers, swung and top-edged another catch to Salisbury at mid-on, and two balls later Donald was also deemed lbw by Akhtar, this time the ball clearly striking the edge of his bat first. Mr Akhtar is not having a good game.

Scoreboard

ENGLAND: First Innings 230 (M A Butcher 113; Nuri 4-72).
SOUTH AFRICA

G F J Liebenberg c Hick b Fraser	6
G F J Liebenberg c Hick b Fraser	21
J H Kallis c Rampakrish b Cork	48
J J Cullinan c Stowart d Gough	27
W J Cronje krk b Fraser	37
R J Rhodes c Stuart b Gough	32
B M McMillan c Salisbury b Cori	7
B M McMillan c Salisbury b Fraser	31
M V Boucher c Altherton b Gough	6
A A Donald lbw b Fraser	0
M Ntini not out	0
Evisas (lbcd, not)	21

Total (90.3 overs) 2822
Fall of wickets: 17, 36, 83, 120, 183, 184,
237, 242, 243
Bowling: Gough 24 3-7-58-3; Fraser
25-10-42-5; Cork 21-3-72-2; Flintoff
8-1-31-0; Salisbury 3-0-8-0; Butcher
6-4-41-0

ISLAND
Second Innings
 M A Butcher not out 0 1
 M A Atterton not out 1
 Extras (lb1) 2
 Total (for 0, 1 overs) 3
 To bats M Hussain, T A J Stewart, M R
 Ramprakash, G A Hick, A Flintoff, D G
 Cork, D Gough, I D K Salisbury, A R C
 Fraser.
 Bowling: Perle 1-0-1-0.
 Umpires: Javed Akhtar and P Wittey.

Solutions

PYROIC PUZZLES
1-4 x 21, 5 x 12 or 6 x 9

4. a) In $KA \times KA = **K$ (where each * stands for an as yet undetermined digit, but not necessarily the same one), K must be 1, since squares can only end in

0, 1, 4, 5, 6, & 9, and 40×40 is more than 3 digits long. In $1A \times 1A = 101$, A must be 0, since A cannot be 1, as A is different from K. $[KA \times KA = 129 \times 19 = 361.]$
 b) $\ln KA \times AK = 10K$, $KA = 31$.
 $[31 \times 13 = 408.]$
WORDPLAY
 Wordplay: a), a), b).
 Dropouts: AMBIENT
 E ntrée: VANISHED Words

Without End: LINE
Brain Teak: a) DINGO & SEAL
b) FIAGUE, PRAGUE
c) I don't know, but if it laughs-
you'd better join in.
Misleading Links:
a) clothes/line/dancing
b) clothes/horse/play
c) clothes/brush/work
d) bat/trick/shot
e) bra/in/step

QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Canada (Irigoin's word).
2. The film Star Wars.
3. Bullfighting terms.
4. Mnemonic for order of the planets; but at present Pluto is closer than Neptune.
5. Richard Rodgers (composer of), Richard Rogers (architect of).
6. Kane: Bob (creator of); Citizen

by); hero Marshall Will Kane.
7. Married Barbara (B. Heworth);
widow B. Marx; MP B. Follett; but
Gould m. Barbara Streisand.
8. ordinals, in order: Truth - the
first casualty; second hand; Close
Encounters of the Third Kind;
born on the 4th of July; fifth
column; a sixth, musically;
Shostakovich's 7th symphony; led

10th wedding anniversary.
eleventh hour; Glorious 12th
(Aug)- shooting season.
9. B-ng. (Big) Bang; B. Eng.
(degree); Bing Crosby; Bong
(starts News at Ten); bung.
10. Pooh: chief character
Widmerpool; opera Emilia di
Liverpool; a whirlpool; pool,
played in film.

Shortly after the interval, Stewart narrowly failed to hold on to an edge from Cronje that was falling short of slip, Cork being the sufferer again. Cork, though, had been turning Brian McMillan inside out with his swing and

SECURITY SERVICE	0
M A Butcher not out	1
M A Atherton not out	1
EATRES (101)	2
Total (for D. 1 overs)	2
Yes bats M Hussain, TA J Stewart, M R Rampersad, G A Hick, A Flintoff, D G Cork, D Gough, I D K Salisbury, A R C Fraser.	
bowling Period 1-0-1-0.	
Umpires: Javed Akhtar and P Willey.	

Sunderland have cheered up at last, says **Michael Walker** as he previews the new season and looks at the clubs revitalised by fresh hopes of glory.

ONE EAR may well be on the development at Headingly but, five weeks and two days after David Batty swaggered forward to take his first noisy involvement in the World Cup with a modest countrywide hush, English fans will re-discover the cosy thud of the boot on leather again this afternoon.

In normal circumstances those 37 days would be considered a long wait for a game of football but, given that the time has been beset by constant transfers and the yell of already-rich businessmen plotting another carve-up, you could be forgiven for feeling like an ageing animal seeking sanctuary in a quiet corner.

And then, on a grey and

drizzly Friday morn in Sunderland, out comes Peter Reid and suddenly the colour and enthusiasm returns. It is all the more enjoyable because Sunderland's manager should have been in the dugout for the season with dread, particularly as Sunderland might be facing Newcastle United at St James' Park next Saturday afternoon when the Queens Park Rangers today.

But Michael Gray's saved penalty at the end of the play-off epic with Charlton at Wembley meant Sunderland had to wait for a new ship and Reid, notoriously upbeat, admitted yesterday that "the disappointment really affected me. It was the players who picked me. They did a great job. But now I am looking forward to it, immensely so. I know it's the

Nationalwide but it's another massive season for us and if you can't get excited about the start of a new season, then you've no chance.'

Consequently when QPR arrive at the Stadium of Light

'I am looking for about the start

they should be prepared to meet 12 happy men, not to mention a sell-out crowd of 42,000 - up 1,400 on last year. That intimidating support is one reason why Sunderland are favourites for promotion even though Reid has spent only around £2 million this summer on names such as Thomas Sørensen, Paul But-

ter and Neil Weinwright. The trio should not take offence but Reid did say that he had two lists of targets, one of which, the Premiership list, has been discarded temporarily. Nor is Reid overly im-

ward to it, immediate of a new season

pressed by the bookmakers' analysis "they had Manchester City there last season" and he went through the usual suspects regarding promotion: Crystal Palace, Bolton and Birmingham, although he did suggest one outsider, Norwich City.

The Canaries now have Bruce Rioch stirring things,

to bring success to Carroway. "It won't be easy," he added, wisely.

Another experienced character doing something new but trying not to get other people excited about it is the very Verbaline. All right, Verbaline has managed Palace before, but it is 19 years since he led them to promotion to

the top flight; and it is doubtful he said that: "The expectation level is too high." Venables said so yesterday and also mentioned that the new owner Mark Goldberg had been "stretched more than his

will give the debut to the 21.6-million Dane Claus Jensen but the transfer of Jamaican's full-back Riccardo Gardner is tied up in red tape.

A floor below, Bolton manager Ian Holloway said he had no intention of letting Cissé leave the first taste of life in the bus lane. As 31,000 tickets have been sold already for the home game with Blackpool in the first round of the FA Cup, Royce has been left marveling at City fans' loyalty.

It is more than the manager's lack of faith in the state of his squad's fitness when there is a 100-mile round trip in these days of Turpin Tansy Base in Plymouth changes that "If nothing else, they are definitely fit," Royce said.

The club relegated with City in 1997, but the season began battle under the supervision of Brian Little a

Northampton. Other notable debutants in the same division are Macclesfield's entertainers Kevin Keegan and Peter Dinklage and the rest of Fulham, while all Welshmen will rejoice in seeing Ian Rush in Wrexham red and home to Reading. Except those in South Wales, who think about it on the long trip to Hartlepool and Swansea mark the start of another season in the Old Fourth meeting place.

Some fans may be found at Peterborough where Halliday Town re-start their football league career and at Carlisle where Brighton's long suffering supporters are mounting a campaign. But at least they are still here. So is Peter Reid. So is football. Cheer up.

'I am looking forward to it, immensely so. If you can't get excited about the start of a new season, then you have got no chance'

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Another experienced character doing something new but trying not to get other people excited about it is Terry Venables. All right, Venables has managed Palace before, but it is 19 years since he led them to promotion to

imagined" in buying Palace. Venables stressed the virtue of patience, although it is hard to see it being much in evidence at Selhurst Park today given that Bolton are the visitors. Alan Thompson's removal to Aston Villa will do nothing to quell the pace of what was a Premiership dogfight last season. Colin Todd

it is more than the manager felt when he saw the state of his squad's fitness when they reported for training. Six intense days at Torpoint Naval Base in Plymouth changed that. "If nothing else, they are definitely fit," Royle said.

The club relegated with City were Stoke and their begin battle under the supervision of Brian Little.

Happier fans may be found at Peterborough where Halifax Town re-start their Football League career and at Carlisle where Brighton's long-suffering supporters begin another homeless campaign. But at least they are still here. So is Peter Reid. So is football. Cheer up.

Jon Brodtkin talks to genial John Hendrie who as the new player-manager is getting really serious about raising the Tyketanic

AFTER losing Danny Wilson, the ace in their pack, Barnsley have played the joker. John Hendrie, with his predilection for pranks and party tricks, is hardly traditional managerial material.

It is hard to imagine Christian Gourlay, the 30-year-old false eyebrows after losing his hair in a drunken lark, or helping a Caribbean-born team-mate to acclimatise by regularly drenching him with freezing water.

Hendrie, who rode into the player-manager role at the Oakwell last month, can generate his own excitement in

one of the past 11 seasons the team the striker has played for have been promoted, relegated or involved in the play-offs.

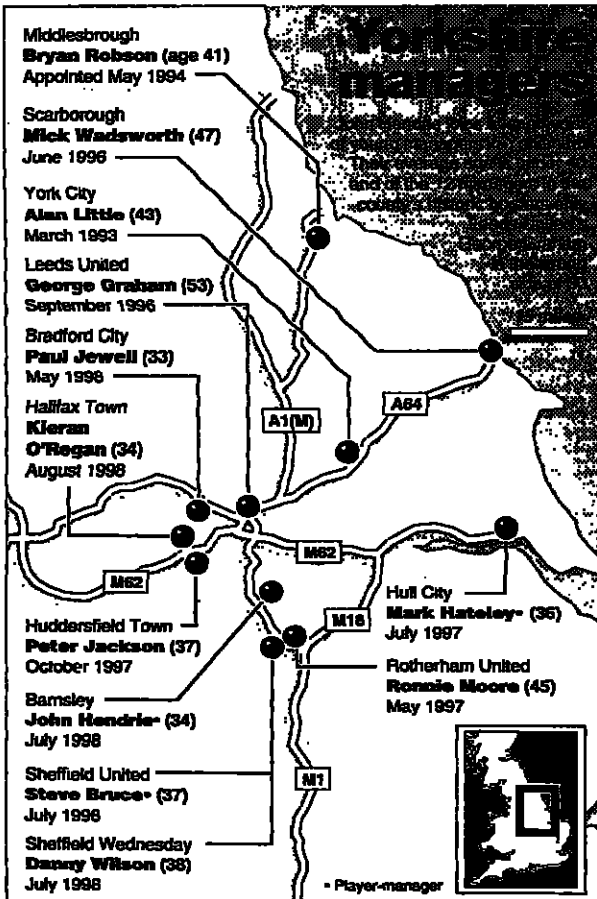
Hendrie begins the daunting task of raising the Tykes out of the wreckage of the 1992-93 season, when West Bromwich this afternoon: Yet as one who played for Bradford City the day 50 supporters died in the Valley Parade fire, he sees such pressures in healthy perspective.

"People have said to me, 'You must be scared to take the job but I'm not worried,' he says. "If I'm a success or not, it's not my fault. It's great. If it doesn't come off, it

what? One thing's for sure, it won't hurt me. I've seen things like that fire and it's something I'll never forget. It's hard to talk about. The feelings still fill me up."

After 18 years of rolling home from training at lunchtime, Hendrie was told he had a "first proper job" have come as a nasty shock. Although Wilson's departure for Sheffield Wednesday was scarcely a surprise, the 34-year-old Hendrie never imagined that he would be following the club's most successful manager would fall to him.

"It wasn't as if I was particularly close to the chairman," he says. "Even when I signed here, I never dealt with him. I'd not had one heart-to-heart with the chairman in 18 years. I'd never met him. I can imagine the scene when I got back from Spain two days

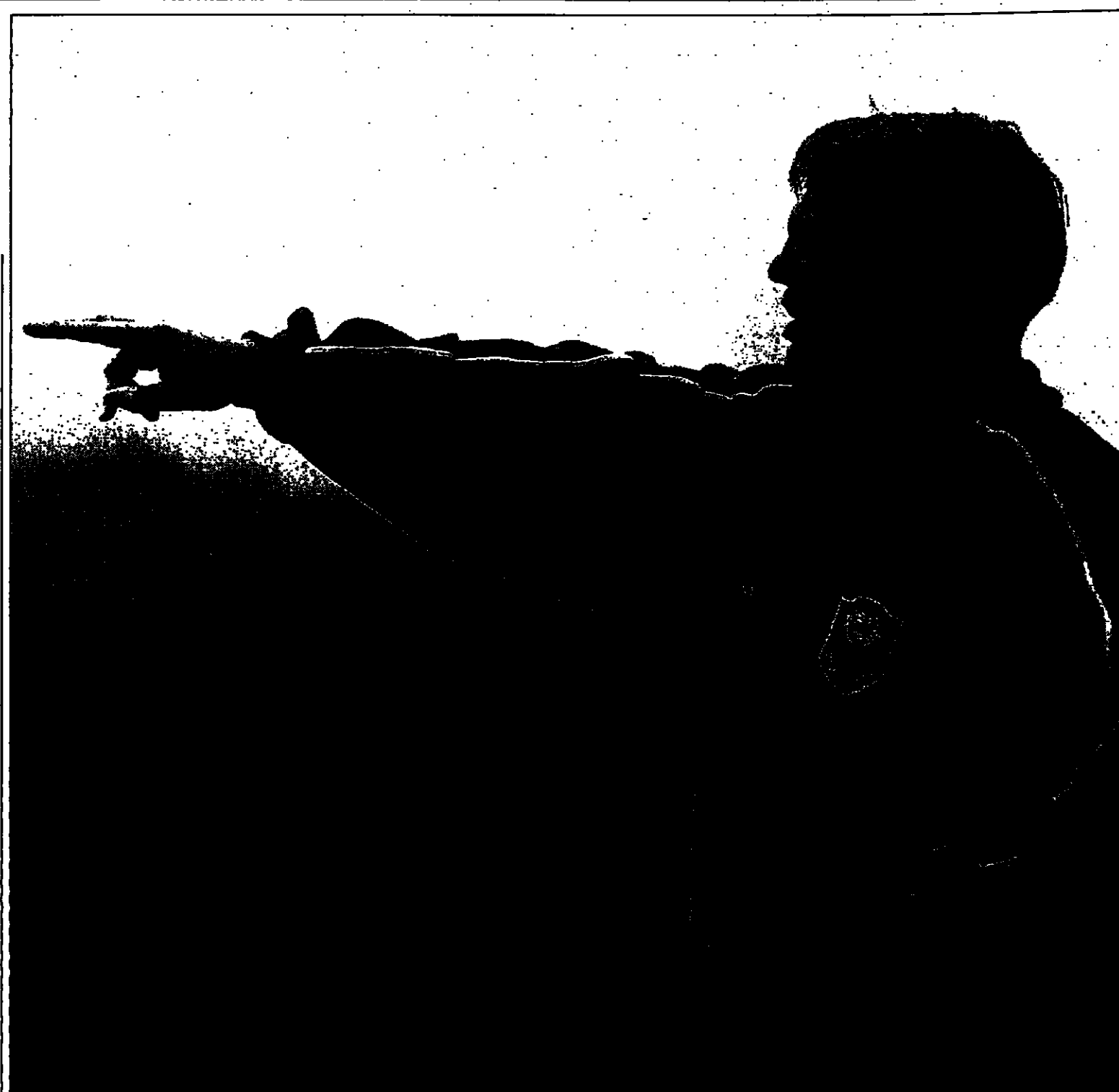


"I had four kids running around the house, messes to unpack and I was just ignoring the calls. But the phone kept ringing and ringing and eventually I picked it up and this voice said: 'Hi John, it's John Dennis. Danny's off to college. You want the job?' I mean, that's the following day and that was it. I walked in the next morning as player-manager."

Hendrie knew the japes would have to stop. But if the club was to stay in the hands of Clint Marcelle he drier and warmer as a result, he will be disappointed. "It's great to have characters about who like a laugh and a joke, but obviously now I can't be doing it," he says.

He cites his experience at his previous club. "When Bryan Robson first came into the post at Middlebrough, he would go out with the boys I was married to and say, 'You can't have any friendships with players. Relationships will have to change.'"

The team and the style, it seems, have been transferred. Neil Redfearn sold to Charlton for £1 million by Wilson, is the only significant departure and Hendrie has replaced him with two experienced players, the former Derby Loan from Derby and Kevin Richardson from



Oakwell overseer . . . John Hendrie is now directing operations from the Barnsley sidelines rather than sitting as a sub on the bench **MIKE EGERTON**

than £700,000 in total. Their lengthy names and advanced years make them shrewd signings. At £7.50 it costs fans more to have either name printed on the back of a replica shirt than any other squad player, while Richardson, 10 months older than his manager, also has an important role off the pitch. "At least he'll go bald before me," Hendrie says with a smile.

able to buy but Hendrie has learned from bitter experience with Fabrizio Ravanelli, in the closing months of his six seasons at Middlesbrough, to be cautious in the transfer market.

"I'd always been totally committed to the club and suddenly there were people coming in who couldn't give you two hoots and were just in it for the money," he says.

After more than 500 appearances as a striker for Coventry, Bradford City, Newcastle, Leeds, Middlesbrough and Barnsley, Hendrie is unlikely to figure prominently on the pitch this season. But having been a substitute for much of last term his view of proceedings will not be greatly altered.

is organisation. At least in defence he knows it can no longer be just like watching Brazil. 'A lot of them realise by the end that they could play at that level and hopefully they'll take that into this season,' he says.

'I'm not going to con them public or put undue pressure on my players by saying we're going to win promotion. Going up to the Premiership

"Danny's left me a hard act to follow but I'll be positive and the main thing is that I've got the support of the public and the support of the players. There could be worse people in the job than me from their point of view."

With anyone else in charge of a certain J. Hendrie would still be lining their shorts

DAVID UNSWORTH was one step closer to footballing purgatory yesterday when his transfer to Everton from Aston Villa was approaching collapse.

Ten days after announcing he would leave Aston Villa — less than a week after joining them from West Ham — the former England centre-back was facing the prospect of making an unwanted return to Villa Park.

It appears Everton's manager Walter Smith has decided to invest the £3 million he had earmarked for Unsworth in a French international midfielder to complement his recent acquisitions, John Collins and Olivier Dacourt.

Smith has been looking for a right-sided player and, much to Unsworth's disappointment, that search may be near its end. Yesterday, as Unsworth waited in his Merseyside home for a decision, he was told to resign for the club when he began his career, Everton and Villa were on the verge of

The clubs had agreed a fee, but have been unable to reach agreement on how the money should be split.

It is now probable that the 24-year-old Unsworth will be told this weekend to report back to Villa Park on Monday morning to resume pre-season training.

Unsworth joined Villa last month, leaving West Ham in £3 million deal only 11 months after his arrival from Everton in a £1 million deal which has seemed a huge deal at £2 million.

Although Villa's manager, Gregory said this week that he would welcome Unsworth back with "open arms", the club's chairman, Robert J. Hughes, is viable working relationship must be slight.

Cowentry have completed the signing of Croxall's World Cup winner, Robert Jarman, from Real Betis for £2.6 million.

Gordon Strachan hoped to play the versatile 29-year-old former Juventus player in the centre of the defence in the Espanyol at Highfield Road but he still needs a work per-

Strachan said: "He played a big part in the World Cup games. He's certainly effective, not flashy." Coventry also paid £300,000 for Portsmouth's Jamaican World Cup forward Paul Hall.



Jarni . . . Coventry capture

John Wardle

NEWCASTLE United face a striking crisis for their opening Premiership match against Charlton a week today after it emerged that Alan Shearer has a broken nose.

The England captain denied the claim, claiming a friendly with Millwall brought last Sunday in an accidental clash with Curtis Fleming, but it was not until yesterday that Newcastle admitted the damage.

Shearer's intended strike partner Stéphane Guivarch twisted his ankle during a friendly against Bray last Wednesday.

"I've took a bang on the nose and he has cracked it," said the Newcastle manager Kenny Dalglish, who sought to play down the injury yesterday.

Shearer would still be fit to start.

"It's a slight crack that doesn't require surgery and he won't miss any games because he's got a broken nose," he went on to say about it. "I won't be worried about it."

fect his availability."

Shearer missed more than half of last season through injury and Newcastle are relying on him to rejuvenate the team. But the club are not counting against time to make his Premiership debut alongside Shearer. The £3.5 million striker is unlikely to recover from injury in time for the start of the season on Monday, lessening his chances of facing Charlton.

Dalglish said: "He's doubtful for Monday. But he's got a long way to go and we don't think he'll be out for too long."

Newcastle are understood to have been involved in preliminary talks over the signing of Sunderland striker Steve Simons, although the club has so far refused to comment.

Yesterday UEFA's general secretary Gerhardt Algrer said the club had not made the major clubs in an attempt to head off the league. He urged them not to rush into agreements with "private breakaway leagues" which "are might be questionable."

Russell Thomas

THE Italian World Cup forward Alessandro Del Piero yesterday instructed his agent to start legal action against the Roma coach Zdenek Zeman over what the player saw as allegations by the Czech of drug use by Juventus players.

Zeman claimed in an Italian magazine interview that drugs were in danger of turning Serie A into another Tour de France, adding that he was alarmed by the attitude of management of Del Piero and the Chelsea player-manager Gianluca Vialli.

Juventus refused to comment on Zeman's claim, but Del Piero's agent Claudio Fregazzini did as he announced that his client would sue for damages, describing the accusations in *L'Espresso* magazine as "a serious attack for the whole of football."

"It's sporting discipline and personal sacrifice that have been the basis of Del Piero's success," he added. "If Mr Zeman is not satisfied with my client, he should address him-"

to the football authorities. "Alessandro... has already instructed me not only to begin the inevitable legal proceedings but, once permission has been granted by the federation, to seek appropriate damages from a civil court."

Vialli, in Sicily for a Chelsea sea pre-season match, also responded angrily, saying "The Italian federation should suspend him for at least one year. He's trying to destabilise the soccer world."

Lee Mills has become free, spending Bradford City's record signing by joining from Port Vale for £1 million.


Blackburn's Danish striker Per Pedersen has joined Strasbourg on a three-year contract worth £900,000.

Mick Harford, 39, has retired as a player after a 21-year career. He will concentrate solely on coaching duties at Wimbledon.

Alex Miller has confirmed he will remain as Scotland assistant manager under Craig Brown. He will continue to combine the role with his duties at Aberdeen.

Paul Merson was sent off in the first half of Middlesbrough's friendly at Heerenvan last night.

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Cricket

Aussie double defies England

ANYTHING you can do, we can do every bit as well. That, at least, appeared to be the Australian philosophy at Guildford yesterday as the first Test of the women's Ashes series headed inexorably towards a run-drenched stalemate.

Replying to England's 414, Belinda Clark's tourists closed on 393 for five, still 21 behind but with only a day remaining of the allotted four. If ever there was a case for equality on the greenward, this was assuredly it: the balance between bat and ball has been as distorted here in this Surrey market town as it has been for the men at Headingley, albeit in reverse. Getting out seems to be a major achievement.

Australia owed their position of substance to a fourth-wicket stand of 220 between Melanie Jones (131) and Joanne Broadbent, who was still entrenched at stumps with 146 not out.

The pair came together at 140 for three after Charlotte Edwards had taken two wickets in an over to put England on the front foot, taking a smart return catch to send back Lisa Keightley for 56, then trapping Karen Rolton leg before for four.

Broadbent soon straightened things out with some graceful strokes, collecting 12 boundaries all told.



Mel J adds spice... Melanie Jones turns a ball to leg en route to a century yesterday as the Australians moved to within 21 runs of England's first-innings total in the first Test at Guildford. PHOTOGRAPH: CRAIG PRENTIS

County Championship Lancashire v Gloucestershire

Sad big hits in record stand

David Foot at Old Trafford

THERE was scant comfort for Gloucestershire after a grinding defeat by an innings and 35 runs which served both to stifle their title dreams and stoke Lancashire's.

Yet as the spectators sat wondering whether their investment for a day's viewing was justified — the match ended soon after lunch — a belated cameo uplited West Country hearts and offered more than a shred of entertainment.

The last-wicket stand of 88 between Martyn Ball and Jon Lewis was not merely the best of the entire match. It was Gloucestershire's best 10th-wicket partnership ever against Lancashire, breaking a record that had stood exactly 100 years.

In a match that belonged memorably to the Old Trafford spinners, the response of the Gloucestershire batsmen was careworn and error-ridden.

There has been little chance to ball so far this summer and it showed, at times painfully, especially against the exceptional promise of the wet-weathered wily leg-spinner Chris Schofield, backed up by the persevering off-breakers of Gary Yates.

Yet Ball and Lewis mocked the inhibitions that had gone before. Off a token 21 balls, Ball hit two sixes and five fours in his 40, with 30 of his muscular runs coming in two overs from Yates, Lewis, tall and with the natural inclina-

tions of a slogger, rattled a six and seven fours in his 39.

Old Trafford can have a partisan soul but it also warms to a couple of pugilistic fighters from the bottom of the order, though this pair was artificially relegated as Gloucestershire had used two nightwatchmen.

Indeed, the partnership gave little serious sign of being ended and it even looked as if Lancashire might have to resort again to the under-used seamers. But then Lewis hit out again and was caught at deep midwicket.

It was a romantic and profitable arrival at county headquarters for Schofield who finished with four for 60 yesterday and eight wickets from the match. He had Mike Smith, another bowler who did better than some specialist batsmen, caught at short leg, one of a number of close catches.

There was never much doubt about yesterday's rapid decline. Courtney Walsh, an odd choice as nightwatchman, went to the fourth ball of the morning, while Dominic Lawson beat a melancholy retreat soon after with his mistimed hook to long leg.

The Gloucestershire captain Mark Alleyne said later: "We're not complaining but the game was decided by the toss and we were frustrated by the wicket Lancashire had prepared."

The batsmen were not the only ones to show consternation yesterday. In fact, the Thunderer went silent for time when its talented young writer was caught putting four-star into his diesel.

Surrey v Derbyshire

Hollooakes on a high

Andy Wilson at The Oval

TO ENFORCE the follow-on or not: that was the question which faced Adam Hollooakes after his three-man attack had dismissed Derbyshire for 139, securing a first-innings lead of 134, by mid-afternoon.

Hollooakes decided to bat again, therefore removing Derbyshire's only conceivable route to victory and allowing his bowlers (and Alan Butcher) to recover from their efforts in the early-sapping heat.

Little brother Ben certainly deserved his rest. Having claimed the important wicket of Michael Slater on Thursday evening he added three more yesterday to complete a season's best figures of four for 36.

This has not been an easy season for Hollooakes Jr but there was no sign here

of the shin splints which have been troubling him. Saglatain Mushtaq was expected to pose the main threat but both Ben Hollooakes and Martin Ricknell found enough pace and bounce to deny him another five-wicket haul.

It was the wholehearted Ricknell, a seriously under-rated seamer, who broke through after Derbyshire resumed on 46 for two, confounding Kim Barnett with a classic one-two: a hitting leg-cutter past the outside edge followed by a skidding yorker to uproot middle stump.

Ben Hollooakes took only three deliveries to pierce Matthew Cassar's solid defence. Ian Blackwell could not restrain his big-hitting instincts and holed out to deep square leg to leave Derbyshire 94 for five — with Saglatain still wicketless.

Robin Weston had

blocked with commendable patience but after scoring 37 in 135 minutes he was lured down the pitch and beaten by a quicker ball from the 21-year-old Lahore off-spinner, coming after the wicket, with Jonathan Batty completing a straightforward stumping.

The remainder of the Derbyshire batting provided easier pickings. Phil DeFreitas becoming Hollooakes's fourth victim after one caddy drive and Bicknell returning to howl.

Victory was complete.

Saglatain collected two more to end with three for 42 from 24.3 overs. His figures this season at The Oval are 201.3-68-396-31; he and Surrey have been good for each other.

Saglatain did not bat like a champion-elect in their second innings, slumping to 148 for seven. But a target of 341 should still be too much for Derbyshire.

Kent v Hampshire

Party-pooper Hooper

Paul Weaver at Canterbury

THE festival hands played more merry music here yesterday but Hampshire's cricketers could manage nothing more sprightly than a funeral march.

When Kent declined to enforce the follow-on on Thursday they appeared to have granted a reprieve to those spectators who had planned to spend their Saturday afternoon in the Canterbury sun.

But it was not to be. Set 446 to win Hampshire were bowled out for 153 and lost by 292 runs. Kent won a maximum 24 points and their third win in five games sustains their interest in the championship.

Hampshire's main destroyer yesterday was the man who had caused most damage in the first innings. On a wearing wicket Carl Hooper took four for 29 to

give him match figures of eight for 43.

Hooper's batting has been something of a disappointment this season. He has scored three wonderful centuries, including a double, but on 11 occasions in 20 championship innings he has been dismissed in single figures.

When he returned to Kent from the Caribbean for the start of the season, however, he told friends that he could take 50 wickets with his improved off-spin. He now has 25 and his target is still possible.

There were also four wickets for Martin McCague, who once again ran in with belief and bowled with aggression. After losing form and confidence at the start of the season his rehabilitation is virtually complete.

Kent resumed on 86 for three, a lead of 304, and the wickets soon started to tumble. Robert Key was dismissed by the first ball he re-

cieved, the third of the morning, lbw to Peter Hartley. Then Mark Edman drove the same bowler to Shaun Udal at point and when Hooper was beaten for pace and lost his off-stump to Nixon McLean Kent were 107 for seven.

There was a partial recovery, when Steve Marsh (87) and Mark Fleming (21) added 77 for the seventh wicket. Then McCague played 26 from just 16 deliveries, one which landed on the top tier of the Frank Woolley Stand. Kent batted with the manner of men who knew they had more than enough runs for Hampshire, who are a better one-day side these days.

Their batting looked thin for the second time in the match, only two men, both tail-enders, passed 20. The crucial wicket was that of Robin Smith, brilliantly caught, two-handed, by the diving Will House at point.

Scoreboard

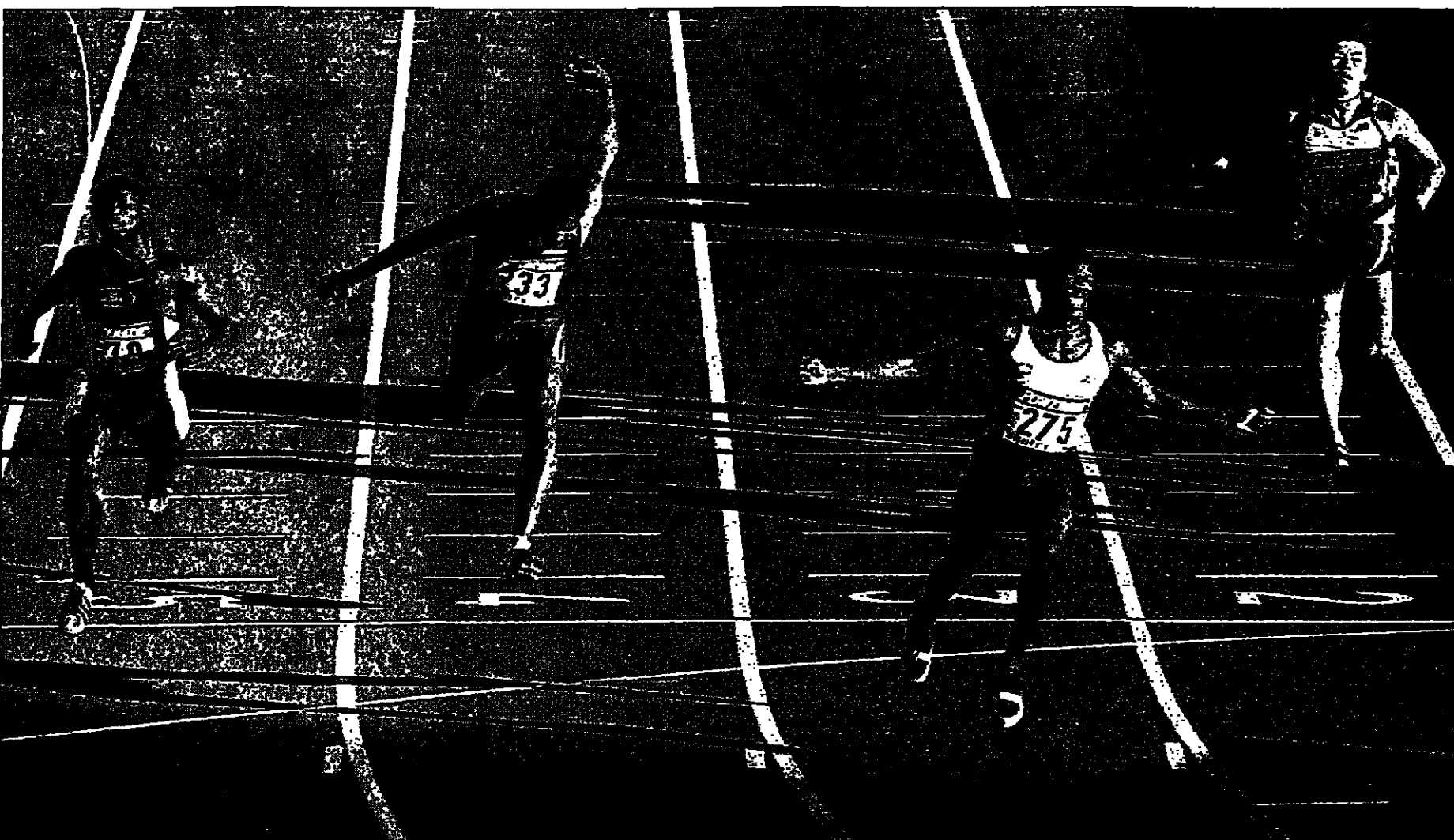
Britannic Assurance County Championship

Second day of four today

Surrey v Derbyshire

The Oval Surrey (79th) lead Derbyshire

100-0 at 11.50; 125-0 at 1.00; 150-0 at 1.50; 175-0 at 2.45; 200-0 at 3.40; 225-0 at 4.35; 250-0 at 5.30; 275-0 at 6.25; 300-0 at 7.20; 325-0 at 8.15; 350-0 at 9.10; 375-0 at 10.05; 400-0 at 11.00; 425-0 at 11.55; 450-0 at 12.50; 475-0 at 1.45; 500-0 at 2.40; 525-0 at 3.35; 550-0 at 4.30; 575-0 at 5.25; 600-0 at 6.20; 625-0 at 7.15; 650-0 at 8.10; 675-0 at 9.05; 700-0 at 10.00; 725-0 at 10.55; 750-0 at 11.50; 775-0 at 12.45; 800-0 at 1.40; 825-0 at 2.35; 850-0 at 3.30; 875-0 at 4.25; 900-0 at 5.20; 925-0 at 6.15; 950-0 at 7.10; 975-0 at 8.05; 1000-0 at 9.00; 1025-0 at 9.55; 1050-0 at 10.50; 1075-0 at 11.45; 1100-0 at 12.40; 1125-0 at 1.35; 1150-0 at 2.30; 1175-0 at 3.25; 1200-0 at 4.20; 1225-0 at 5.15; 1250-0 at 6.10; 1275-0 at 7.05; 1300-0 at 8.00; 1325-0 at 8.55; 1350-0 at 9.50; 1375-0 at 10.45; 1400-0 at 11.40; 1425-0 at 12.35; 1450-0 at 1.30; 1475-0 at 2.25; 1500-0 at 3.20; 1525-0 at 4.15; 1550-0 at 5.10; 1575-0 at 6.05; 1600-0 at 7.00; 1625-0 at 7.55; 1650-0 at 8.50; 1675-0 at 9.45; 1700-0 at 10.40; 1725-0 at 11.35; 1750-0 at 12.30; 1775-0 at 1.25; 1800-0 at 2.20; 1825-0 at 3.15; 1850-0 at 4.10; 1875-0 at 5.05; 1900-0 at 6.00; 1925-0 at 6.55; 1950-0 at 7.50; 1975-0 at 8.45; 2000-0 at 9.40; 2025-0 at 10.35; 2050-0 at 11.30; 2075-0 at 12.25; 2100-0 at 1.20; 2125-0 at 2.15; 2150-0 at 3.10; 2175-0 at 4.05; 2200-0 at 5.00; 2225-0 at 5.55; 2250-0 at 6.50; 2275-0 at 7.45; 2300-0 at 8.40; 2325-0 at 9.35; 2350-0 at 10.30; 2375-0 at 11.25; 2400-0 at 12.20; 2425-0 at 1.15; 2450-0 at 2.10; 2475-0 at 3.05; 2500-0 at 4.00; 2525-0 at 4.55; 2550-0 at 5.50; 2575-0 at 6.45; 2600-0 at 7.40; 2625-0 at 8.35; 2650-0 at 9.30; 2675-0 at 10.25; 2700-0 at 11.20; 2725-0 at 12.15; 2750-0 at 1.10; 2775-0 at 2.05; 2800-0 at 3.00; 2825-0 at 3.55; 2850-0 at 4.50; 2875-0 at 5.45; 2900-0 at 6.40; 2925-0 at 7.35; 2950-0 at 8.30; 2975-0 at 9.25; 3000-0 at 10.20; 3025-0 at 11.15; 3050-0 at 12.10; 3075-0 at 1.05; 3100-0 at 2.00; 3125-0 at 2.55; 3150-0 at 3.50; 3175-0 at 4.45; 3200-0 at 5.40; 3225-0 at 6.35; 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First impression... Christian Malcolm wins the 100m in the World Junior Championships last week in 10.12sec, making his seniors sit up and take note

PHOTOGRAPH: CRAIG PENTON

Christian among sprinting lions

Duncan Mackay meets a young Welshman, running in Zurich next week, whose dash is taking away the breath of champions

CHRISTIAN Malcolm is a sprinter of such rare promise that the last four Olympic 100 metres champions have all tipped him for greatness. But the Briton, who won the 100m and 200m gold medals at the World Junior Championships last week, was nearly lost to the sport three years ago after having trials with Queens Park Rangers and Nottingham Forest. "I was so fast there was never anyone to cross the ball to," he joked.

The 18-year-old Newport runner was speaking in the main stand at Cardiff Athletic Stadium, in view of Ninian Park, where if things had turned out different he might have played alongside Ryan Giggs in a Welsh side that would not have wanted for pace on the flanks.

"It got to the point where I had to decide what I wanted to do, and I chose athletics," Malcolm said. "It was all to do with my enjoyment. In sprinting you are racing against people for 10 or 11 seconds but before the race and afterwards you can be friends with your rivals. In football it is

just kicking and barging. The atmosphere is completely different."

The decision to switch sports paid handsome dividends in Anney last week when he produced the best series of performances ever seen by a junior sprinter. His times of 10.12sec for 100m and 20.44 for 200m were both much faster than Trinidad's

and shows great poise for a youngster," said the American, the Olympic 100m champion in 1994 and 1996. Bailey, Canada's 1996 Olympic champion, has also raced Malcolm and is impressed. "He's good," he said. "Very good. He can go all the way."

Wells had not heard of Malcolm until last month but raved about him after one

'He is stylish, appears to have terrific acceleration and shows great poise'

Carl Lewis

Ato Boldon ran when he completed the same junior double in 1992.

At least four people were not surprised. Allan Wells, Carl Lewis, Linford Christie and Donovan Bailey have all said how excited they are by Malcolm's talents.

Lewis was the first to go on record about Malcolm after the teenager beat him in his farewell race in Zurich last year. "He is stylish, appears to have terrific acceleration

look. "This lad could be phenomenal," the 1990 Olympic winner said after seeing him race to double victory at the AAA Junior Championships.

Christie is not only a fan. Since last year the 1992 Olympic champion has been guiding Malcolm's career through his management agency. The journey from junior to senior riches is often a difficult one and Christie is determined to nurse Malcolm along slowly. "It's a big transition," said

Christie. "The senior guys can chew your head off while in the juniors there is no pressure. There is no one there doing the 10-second walk to intimidate everyone else before the start that you find in the top grand-prix races."

Malcolm will be given a brief foray into life among the seniors on Wednesday when he competes in the Weltklasse Golden League meeting in Zurich against Bailey and Maurice Greene, the world champion. "It's a big step up in class but I'm really looking forward to it," said Malcolm. "I just hope I have recovered from Anney by then."

After Zurich Malcolm will go into hibernation until the Commonwealth Games in Kuala Lumpur next month. The selectors did not pick him for this month's European Championships in Budapest because he did not run in the trials.

"I've no complaints," said Malcolm. "I would probably have been too tired anyway. The World Juniors were my main target."

Malcolm, who talks with a soft Welsh lilt, is among the most laid-back of athletes. "When he was warning up for the 100m in Anney I was more nervous than him," said Jock Anderson, his coach.

It was Anderson who once at the Cardiff Track club tried to discourage his ambitions because the youngster kept getting in the way. "He was such a nipper, he kept getting under everyone's feet," recalled Anderson. "I cannot remember when he joined the group. I think it was more a case of me giving up trying to get rid of him."

At 5ft 9in Malcolm is still on the small side for a sprinter. He is not a powerhouse like Christie was and floats down the track rather

than tears down it. "He reminds me of Frankie Fredericks and Don Quarrie all rolled into one," said Christie. "I could watch him all day long."

His smooth appearance has been accentuated by a decision Malcolm took earlier this year to cut off his dreadlocks. "My girlfriend was complaining about them, my mum was complaining about them, so they had to come off," he said. Unlike Samson, when Malcolm cut off his hair he simply got stronger.



Malcolm the medal... and the 200m gold was still to come

Edwards risks injury to stay with the bounty hunters

IT WILL be Monte Carlo or bust for Britain's all-time triple jumper Jonathan Edwards when he resumes his chase for a \$1 million jackpot at the Stade Louis II here tonight, writes Duncan Mackay.

Edwards is prepared to risk aggravating foot injuries, which could seriously jeopardise his chances in the European Championships in Budapest later this

month, to remain in contention for the bounty available to any athlete who can remain undefeated through the Golden League series.

"The Golden League is as much a challenge this season for me as the Europeans," said the world record holder last night. "I want to do them all, not just one. The challenge for me is to remain unbeaten. If I wake up in the morning and the

ankle is swollen like a balloon when I can't put my foot down, obviously I won't compete. That would decide it. But I'm convinced that a lot of it is in my head."

Monte Carlo is only the third event of the seven on the golden merry-go-round and the strain is already beginning to tell. Edwards is one of only eight athletes with 100 per cent records in

the series so far, and performances in other major track meetings have been affected by the concentration on the Golden League.

On Wednesday in Stockholm — not a Golden League event — the 100 metres runner Marion Jones pulled out citing injury, while the Ethiopian distance runner Haile Gebrselassie turned down an \$80,000 (£50,000) offer to compete in order to

concentrate on Monte Carlo tonight and Zurich next Wednesday.

Gebrselassie has changed his racing attitude this summer. After breaking the 10,000m world record by more than five seconds at Hengelo, clocking 26min 22.75sec, and removing 0.8sec from the 5,000m mark in Helsinki by running 12:39.36, he has eschewed record chasing in

the Golden League and, therefore, the lucrative bonuses which he normally collects.

Instead he seems content to do just enough for victory. In the 3,000m in Oslo, the first Golden League event a month ago, he saved himself for a sprint finish to ensure first place, and in Rome he never committed himself to a 5,000m world record attempt.

Golf

Campbell's comeback stays on course

Gordon Richardson in Berlin

MICHAEL CAMPBELL eased into a two-stroke halfway lead in the German Open at the Berlin Sporting Club yesterday but he was not the only man wearing a smile. The veteran Scot Sam Torrance, who will soon turn 45, and Ireland's Padraig Harrington also had cause to be pleased.

The New Zealander Campbell, who lost his Tour card last year after enjoying his moment of glory with third place in the 1996 Open behind John Daly, shot a 70 to take the lead. He is followed by the former Walker Cup amateur Van Phillips, who had a 68, Spain's Ignacio Garrido, and Scott Henderson, the Scot who managed a 67 despite suffering severe flu symptoms.

For Harrington and Torrance the chief concern is money, specifically its ability to win them a berth in their national teams for the Alfred Dunhill Cup at St Andrews on October 8-11. Harrington, two under par after a 69 and five behind Campbell, began this tournament £12,147 ahead of Philip Walton in the scramble for third place on the King's course. But Matthews, who has won more than £61,000 on the United

over at the turn on the first day he was not a happy man. But he battled to a 71, then picked up four birdies yesterday after hearing that Walton, who opened with a 76, had been forced to retire with tendinitis in his right wrist. Only John Henry, on 145 after a 73, can pass him now and he will need to win or finish second to do it.

Torrance, who was on the winning Scotland team in his eighth and last cup outing on the Old Course in 1995, began

here some £22,000 behind Gary Orr in third place in qualifying. Orr, who hit a 73 for 149, missed the cut for the second week running while Torrance, with a roller-coaster 71 containing three birdies, an eagle, two bogeys and a double bogey, ended one shot inside the cut on 146. "All I have to do now is finish in the top six on Sunday," said the 1985 Ryder Cup winner. "It's a tall order but I like a challenge."

Paul Broadhurst, who squeezed through on the mark with a 75 for 147, has as good as blown his chance of the first prize of £16,660. He needs to jump past his great mate Peter Baker and John Lee Westwood and David Carter in the England line-up. Phillips could do the trick if he takes the title.

Campbell's concern is to complete a fairytale comeback with his first Tour triumph. Victories galore looked on the cards when he added second-place finishes in the

1996 PGA Championship and British Masters to his third in the Open last week — a feat for the man whose great, great grandfather emigrated from Edinburgh to become Mayor of Auckland.

Things are on the up and up after a lot of hard work with his English coach Jonathan Yarwood, and the way the former Eisenhower Trophy amateur came back from two early bogeys with four birdies in the space of five holes augurs well.

Matthew relieved of excess baggage

Elspeth Burnside at Gleneagles

SCOTLAND's Catriona Matthew has a new man in her life and yesterday he helped her claim a share of the halfway lead — and raise hopes of a first home win — in the McDonald's WPGA Championship here.

Though the first-round gales had eased, persistent rain continued to taunt the field and blur the beauty of the King's course. But Matthews, who has won more than £61,000 on the United

States Tour this year to raise hopes of a Solheim Cup debut at Muirfield Village next month, produced a flawless 69 for a halfway total of 140, four under par. Eileen Adreessen, the defending champion from Sweden, finished on the same mark after closing with back-to-back birdies in a joint best of 68 and the experienced pair of Laura Davies and Marie-Laure de Lorenzi were one shot behind.

This week Matthews, who won three Scottish Championships and one British Amateur but has won only

once as a professional — in the 1996 Australian Open — insisted it was a mutual decision. "He would probably say he sacked me."

But the change to the Mancunian Andy Dearden — who steered Lora Fairclough to victory in the German Open last week — appeared to have had an instant effect. "My form's not been too good over the past few weeks, and Graeme and I have started to have the odd argument," said Matthews. "We decided it was time to try something different."

The King's course staged eight Scottish Opens on the men's European PGA Tour without producing a home winner and Matthews was quick to point out that the halfway stage is far too early to be considering decking the trophy in tartan ribbons.

Davies, after a 69, will certainly refresh the prospect of mounting a challenge for the £45,000 winner's cheque over the final 36 holes. "It's a great leader hole," she said. "The last few holes are there for the kill and it should be a really exciting finish on Sunday."

Swimming

De Bruin claims a conspiracy

Duncan Mackay

THE disgraced Michelle de Bruin claimed yesterday she is the victim of a conspiracy by the world governing body Fina after being given a four-year ban for attempting to manipulate a drugs test.

"I firmly believe there's been a concerted effort by Fina to ensure that I do not swim again and to ensure that by whatever method available to them, a ban would be imposed," said De Bruin, who as Michelle Smith won three Olympic gold medals in 1996.

The Irish swimmer appeared at a crowded news conference in Dublin to deny emphatically that she had tried to tamper with a urine sample by pouring whiskey into it in order to mask her performance-enhancing drugs.

"I will prove my innocence in this matter," she said. "I believe that the decision which has been made is flawed, not only by the fact but also legally. Unfortunately I know in my heart that a total vindication in this case will not detract from the damage that has been done to me in respect of an offence I did not commit."

She had no motive for introducing alcohol or indeed any other masking agent into my sample and I have never tested positive for any banned substance throughout my career."

She concluded: "We now go on to the appeal process, which I know will prove my total innocence. In this I will also be seeking damages for the distress I have been caused."

Around the world swim...

mers and officials hailed De Bruin's four-year suspension as an endorsement of the sport's tough stand against drugs.

The top American coach John Collins recalled the drug rumours that surfaced when Smith dominated the 1996 Atlanta Olympics. "For five or six years before '96 she was ordinary, and there's no way she could improve that much," he said. "But this is no surprise. Most people saw that this was going to happen."

The double Olympic 1500m freestyle champion Kieren Perkins and the Australian anti-drug crusader Forbes Carlisle also applauded the De Bruin suspension.

"It's good to see Fina are finally taking a strong stand on the drug issue," Perkins said. Carlisle said the suspension was "great. I'd put my house on her being guilty and she got what was coming to her."



De Bruin... drugs denial

Rugby Union

Refusenik Cardiff given five days to rethink on league role

CARDIFF have been given five days to reconsider their decision not to enter their 1st XV in the Welsh Premier Division or the European Cup next season.

Cardiff's formal request to the Welsh Rugby Union not to be considered for either competition was discussed by the union's general committee on Thursday night.

At the same time, the WRU also decided to refuse permission to Cardiff to play friendly fixtures with English Premiership One clubs. This followed a similar ruling by the RFU that its clubs would not be permitted to play friendlies on league weekends.

It means that Cardiff have until 5.00pm next Wednesday to enter into a binding commitment with the WRU over their future.

It is important for Welsh rugby that we all work together to maintain a high profile National League in Wales," said the WRU secretary Dennis Gethin. "We need to ensure that top-quality competition is available to all the clubs in Wales."

"For these reasons we have not granted consent to Cardiff to play in these friendlies against the English clubs."

Yesterday the tournament

organisers announced that the European Cup and European Shield competitions will start on September 19.

After the French clubs' decision to join with those from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Italy, Romania, Spain and Portugal in this season's competitions it means there will be a minimum 16 teams in the Cup and 21 in the Shield.

While Stade Français, Perpignan, Toulouse, Béziers-Bordeaux and Colomiers have all confirmed that they will take part, the WRU will confirm its teams for the two tournaments after more talks with Cardiff and also Swansea.

Until that time, at least, the door remains open for the clubs in England to reconsider their decision not to take part in the official European tournaments this season.

Cardiff had two takeover offers by yesterday's 5pm deadline imposed by the debt-ridden club's Receiver. One is headed by John Burge, chief executive of Bristol & West plc, and the other by a former Bristol player, Nick de Scossas. Burge's bid, thought more likely to succeed, would see a move to Bristol City's Ashton Gate home while De Scossas wants to remain at the Memorial Ground.

Boxing

Holyfield backs Bean feast

John Rawling

EVANDER HOLYFIELD will return to the ring for the first time in 10 months on September 19 to defend his International Boxing Federation version of the world heavyweight title in his home town of Philadelphia.

Bean, who is 26 next month, has lost only once in 30 professional fights but has beaten no one of note and is expected to pose little threat to the 35-year-old champion who will not be putting his World Boxing Association title at stake.

In Bean's only previous world-class pairing he was comfortably outpointed in March 1997 by Michael Moorer, who then went on to lose a rematch with Holyfield.

The Holyfield-Moorer bill in Las Vegas lost an estimated \$12 million (£7.5 million), and Holyfield has agreed to underwrite next month's promotion. The Georgia Dome, with a hint of optimism, will be set up for 45,000 paying customers.

Holyfield was due to defend his WBA title against Britain's Henry Akinwande at Madison Square Garden in June, but the bill generated poor ticket sales and was then

called off when Akinwande contracted hepatitis B.

Although Holyfield has been offered an lucrative match with Lennox Lewis, the World Boxing Council champion, no agreement has been reached. Lewis has to beat Zalgis Mavrovic of Croatia on September 26 in Connecticut, and the WBA will probably ask for a Holyfield-Akinwande match before any unification fight goes ahead.

England's Scott Welch has sustained rib injuries in training and has withdrawn from his fight for the vacant European heavyweight title against Germany's Axel Schulz on August 22.

Hockey

Cullen sets up England for Games rematch

Pat Rowley

ENGLAND completed a clean sweep of victories over the visiting Canadian women's team at Milton Keynes yesterday, winning the third and final Test 3-1.

Canada again defended doggedly and did not concede defeat until England put away a couple of late corners.

Maggie Sonyave, the England coach, expressed her pleasure at England's improved approach play but admitted work has to be done to improve the finishing before England play Canada again at next month's Commonwealth Games in Kuala Lumpur.

Yesterday England worked hard to dominate the game but a lot of corners and open-play chances were wasted.

Pine individual play by Tina Cullen set up England's first goal after 20 minutes. Jane Smith intelligently anticipated Cullen's intentions. However, the normally solid England defence managed to hand Canada a simple equaliser scored by Sue Armstrong. England came back twice through Sarah Blanks and England's best player Cullen to win 3-1.

Racing

Chris Hawkins expects Gary Moore's lightly-weighted six-year-old to carry off Ascot's valuable handicap

Chewit on course for International

DECORATED HERO is a group horse running in a handicap at Ascot this afternoon and the carrot that has tempted his connections is the £26,000 on offer to the winner of the Tote International Handicap.

Although the sponsors have failed to attract any foreign challengers, they can hardly be disappointed with a field of 26 and the presence of Decorated Hero, who was third in the Breeders' Cup Mile at Hollywood Park last year.

Even with top weight of 9st 13lb he is sure to take all the beating on one of his favourite tracks, over his optimum seven furlongs trip and encountering the fast ground on which he performs best.

John Gosden has handled him with care this season, asking him to fight only once. That was a fortnight ago at Newcastle when he emphasised his class by beating Diktat, who was seeking a four-time after winning the Jersey Stakes at Royal Ascot.

Perhaps his most famous performance, however, was at Ascot two years ago when he was the fourth leg of Frankie Dettori's "magnificent seven" coincidentally carrying 9st 13lb in the Tote Festival Handicap.

But he raced then off a rating of 108 whereas today it is 121 - a measure of his continued improvement. Fourth in that race two seasons ago was Ramouz, beaten four and a half lengths, who is now 8th better off.

Discussion about pounds and lengths is often rendered immaterial in these big fields on straight courses, however, because of the effect of the draw.

Unfortunately, it is hard to say categorically which side will be favoured today, presuming the field splits into two. At the Royal meeting on yielding going, the evidence was conflicting - the winner of the Britannia Handicap was drawn 30th, the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup six.

Decorated Hero is drawn three now and will surely, therefore, race on the stands where he is likely to be kept company by Jo Mell (9), Chewit (8) and Crumpton Hill (7) - three opponents with live chances.

Jo Mell won the Tote Festival Handicap last season, coming up the stands side to beat Kayvee and Crumpton Hill who, with Neal Pollard's allowance, is now 5th better off.

Tim Easterby, the Malton trainer who is enjoying a highly successful spell, has not won with Jo Mell this season but despite this his gelding is on a 5lb higher mark than at Ascot last year.

He made no show in the Bumbury Cup last month but it would be no surprise to see him run much better in a race worth over three times as much today.

The Bumbury Cup should have a bearing in this afternoon's event. It was won by Ho Long by a head from Kuma with Harmonic Way third, Chewit fifth and Showboat sixth.

Kuma tried to make all then and may well lead the cavalry charge on the far side from his 22 draw - the same side as Harmonic Way (21) and Showboat (20).

But in the belief that Decorated Hero is the one they all have to beat, I shall be looking to the stands side and make the lightly weighted Chewit (8.50) the selection.

Jimmy Quinn, just about the strongest of the featherweight jockeys, has been booked by trainer Gary Moore and will give his mount a much more positive ride than Chewit received in the Diamond Day Ladies race here two weeks ago when he came from a long way behind to finish second.

Before that he had been fifth at Newmarket and fourth in the Wokingham at Royal Ascot, a neck behind the subsequent Stewards' Cup winner, Superior Premium.

His consistent form certainly entitles him to be in the shake-up this afternoon. He is a course and distance winner, acts well on the firm and excels at seven furlongs.

It has to be said that the remainder of the card does not match the quality of the feature event, although the first race on BBC 1 is an interesting conditions event for two-year-olds.

If it were a handicap, Ramouz Bay (2.45) would have top weight and he appears to be well suited by the terms of the race after registering a sound fourth in the Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood last week.



Northern raider... Jo Mell, from Tim Easterby's in-form Malton stable, runs off a 5lb higher mark than when he scored at Ascot last year

HORSE SENSE

Written by those in the know

BARRY HILLS is back among the winners after a quiet period when the horses in his yard were under the weather and the stable are hopeful of a prominent showing from Showboat (3.50) in today's Tote International Handicap at Ascot.

The son of Warning was probably feeling the effects of the virus that has affected the yard when unplaced at Royal Ascot in June and ran a promising race in the competitive Bumbury Cup at Newmarket last time. He was significantly shorter with Ladbrokes at the start of betting for this race and has been well supported with the bookmakers in the last few days.

Improving type
Paul Cole's High Tension (3.15) is considered an improving type at his Whatcombe base and he is expected to appreciate the step up to two miles in the Tripleprint Stakes.

Decorated Hero (4.15) ran a promising debut race at Haydock last year behind Last Christmas and should be supported to break his duck at Epsom tomorrow.

Berrysin won with a fair bit in hand at Goodwood when beating Ashraakat in the Oak Tree Stakes and she has reportedly come on again since that convincing win. Connections are now beginning to make confident noises concerning the Hungerford Stakes at Newbury next Friday.

Above average
Careful Timing and Shalimar Garden finished well clear of their rivals when first and second in what may prove to have been an above-average Newmarket maiden and should prove well worth supporting in near-at-hand engagements. Both have been catching the eye at home since that event with Careful Timing in particular appearing to have benefited greatly from the race.

Lucan Cumani is going through something of a quiet spell at present with winners a little hard to come by but once he is back on top form watch out for the racecourse debut of the two-year-old Redone.

This half-brother to the useful Redridge has been put in the Racing Post Trophy, the Dewhurst and the Royal Lodge and has certainly been showing

enough at home to merit those long-term entries.

John Dunlop's Claxon is another juvenile to put in your notebook. She could well turn out to be a smart recruit judged on her recent work and figured among the entries released this week for the Fillies' Mile.

Unfancied
Dunlop introduced a two-year-old colt at Newmarket last month by the name of Lucide. The son of Royal Academy went off an unfancied 14-1 for the race won by Gudgale and ran a fair race to finish fourth, doing all his best work in the closing stages.

In the paddock he looked the sort to improve with time and that looked the case in the race. However, one experienced observer at the word believed Lucide could prove to be one of the best of the current crop of two-year-olds at the stable and it is interesting to note that he does figure among those in the Royal Lodge and Racing Post Trophy.

Winning soon
Sea Wave is the one to follow from the Godolphin yard if what we have been hearing about his recent work is anything to go by. The Sadler's Wells colt has won his last two races in eye-catching style and has definitely shown improved form at home since his easy defeat of Deep Dive at Leicester in June.

Oriental Fashion was due to have run at Yarmouth this week but was pulled out with a vet's certificate. He was very expected to have won that race before going on to better things and should be winning soon.

There were plenty of form buffs scratching their heads following Victory Note's poor showing in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood but we can reveal that he was subsequently found to be suffering from a viral infection and his run should be safely ignored.

We had previously brought to your attention that Victory Note had been similarly under the weather when unplaced at the Ascot and had been hoping for better luck with his high-class colt.

Saturday special
ETIZAAZ (Newmarket 3.30)

Ascot Jackpot card

CHRIS HAWKINS	TOP FORM
2.15 2.45 3.15 3.50 4.25 5.00	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane Gaily Bird

Testing light-headed triangular circuit of 13m with 28ft 9in. Straight mile. Betting: Good to firm. ● Denotes blunders. ● Top form rating.

Draw: No advantage.

Seven day winners: 2.45 Light The Rocket; 3.15 Cat Diamond. Blunders first time: 3.50 Monks' Mile; 4.25 Harrogate St. Viewers: 3.15 Cat Diamond; 3.50 The Downfall Fox.

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

2.15 BUCKINGHAM PALACE CONDITIONS STAKES	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

2.45 B & T RECLAMATION LTD STAKES 2YO	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

3.15 TRIPLEPRINT HANDICAP 2YO	2m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

3.50 TOTE INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP (TRIFECTA RACE)	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

4.25 LITTLETON STURDY NURSERY HANDICAP 2YO	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

5.00 B & T RECLAMATION LTD MAIDEN STAKES	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

Newmarket runners and riders

TONY PALEY	TOP FORM
2.00 2.30 3.00 3.30 4.00 4.30	Rainbow Wings Buckingham Palace Buckingham Palace Buckingham Palace Buckingham Palace Buckingham Palace

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

2.00 MONTANA WINES MAIDEN STAKES	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

2.30 NEW ZEALAND CLAIMING STAKES	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

3.45 CORAL HANDICAP	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

2.05 E.B.F. HALLINELL LANDAU NOVICE FILLIES' STAKES 2YO	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

2.35 THORNTON GRAVURE CLAIMING STAKES	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

3.10 THORNTON JONES BATED HANDICAP	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

Haydock

TONY PALEY	TOP FORM
2.05 2.35 3.05 3.35 4.05 4.35	Rainbow Wings Buckingham Palace Buckingham Palace Buckingham Palace Buckingham Palace Buckingham Palace

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

2.05 E.B.F. HALLINELL LANDAU NOVICE FILLIES' STAKES 2YO	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

2.35 THORNTON GRAVURE CLAIMING STAKES	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

3.10 THORNTON JONES BATED HANDICAP	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

4.20 PETROS ROSE OF LANCASTER STAKES	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

4.50 MTS GROUP HANDICAP	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

3.00 DANDELION LADIES INVITATION HANDICAP

1m 4f 127 (5 declared)	CH4
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

3.30 SWEET SOLERA STAKES 2YO	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

4.05 JOE JENNINGS BOOKMAKERS HANDICAP	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

4.40 GEORGE CLEVERLEY MEMORIAL HANDICAP	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.

5.10 CSFB AUSTRALIA EQUITIES MAIDEN STAKES 3YO	1m 4f 127 (5 declared)
101 (1) 75-10 102 (1) 75-10 103 (1) 75-10 104 (1) 75-10 105 (1) 75-10	Chewit Purgle Bay Spirit of Love Showboat Society Lane

Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. J. Jumps.



Smart lady... the highly-regarded Kismah remains unbeaten after victory at Ascot

PHOTOGRAPH: JULIAN HERRERT

Oscar doubles up a week late

Chris Hawkes

DAVID Nicholls, who trains at the graphically named Tall Trees Stables just outside Thirsk, has a particular affinity with sprinters dating back from the time he rode Soba to win the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood in 1992.

It has long been the ambition of Nicholls to train the winner of the famous Goodwood dash and just over a week ago he thought he had an outstanding chance with Double Oscar only for the gelding to be eliminated by a technical error at Weatherbys.

Nicholls was hopping mad and victory for Double Oscar in the Rennie Deflatine Handicap (worth just over £7,000) at Ascot yesterday was a great consolation. Geoff Green, a member of the Thrill Racing partnership which owns Double Oscar, commented: "We were gutted over the Stewards' Cup business as we were sure he would have gone very close to winning. He's done well to win today but it's not the same."

Double Oscar, the 8-1 favourite, was skillfully handled by Alex Greaves, Nicholls's wife, who brought the five-year-old through with a decisive thrust inside the final furlong to beat the other favourite High Carry. "Although we didn't think

he was well drawn right on the outside as he doesn't like to see too much daylight I was able to settle him in behind which is what he likes," said Greaves. "He quickens off a fast pace and that's the key to him. In a slow-race he's not half as good."

Results

Ascot

1.20 (10-1) 1. DOUBLE OSCAR, Alex Greaves (8-1) to 10-1; 2. High Carry (8-1) to 10-1; 3. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 4. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 5. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 6. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 7. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 8. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 9. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 10. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1.

1.20 (10-1) 1. DOUBLE OSCAR, Alex Greaves (8-1) to 10-1; 2. High Carry (8-1) to 10-1; 3. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 4. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 5. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 6. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 7. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 8. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 9. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 10. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1.

1.20 (10-1) 1. DOUBLE OSCAR, Alex Greaves (8-1) to 10-1; 2. High Carry (8-1) to 10-1; 3. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 4. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 5. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 6. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 7. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 8. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 9. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 10. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1.

Redcar programme

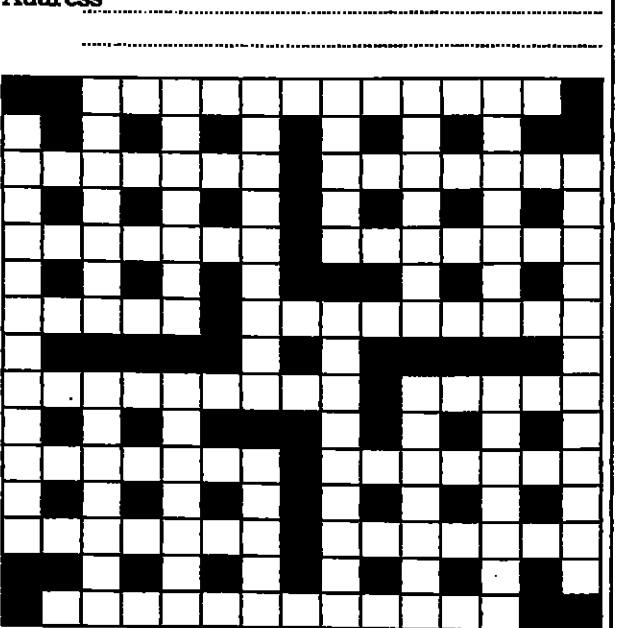
1.20 (10-1) 1. DOUBLE OSCAR, Alex Greaves (8-1) to 10-1; 2. High Carry (8-1) to 10-1; 3. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 4. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 5. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 6. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 7. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 8. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 9. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1; 10. Double Oscar (8-1) to 10-1.

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Guardian Collins Crossword 21,348

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to The Guardian Prize Crossword, P.O. Box 6903, Birmingham, B26 3PR, or Fax to 0171 713 4735 by first post on Friday. Name and winners in the Guardian on Monday August 17.

Name _____
Address _____



Set by Araucaria
Method: Solve the clues and fit the solutions into the diagram (across wherever they will go).
A-J This shows big palace jazz is on the wall (12,6,5)
B Root moved by Pole, top musico of all? (5)
C A simple piece: intrigue at Tate gone wrong (5)
D A fragrant plant, with article in song (7)
E Peg's back embracing boy with shoulder badge (7)

Here's extra work: If B's, the key's not right (12)
M Month back in home, the price with all dues met (3,4)
O There's nothing less holds nothing, as a threat (7)
P Month back, keeps woe: dried fruits, by Shakespeare spell (7)
Q Report of summit shows there's umbrage felt (5)
R Knock "All for Love" in the Ligurian scene? (7)
S Brand uncle's cabin? Here's manouevring space (3-4)
T It lifts from Hamlet, keeping start of race (7)
U Newcastle's wavy railway's not for you (5-4)
V Girl's name, real and its scene are breaking through (7)
W For heartless monsters here you'll find the Plaid (5)
X Musicians, fifty, post?—no, sixty, bad (12)
Y Month backward, this way up— from roots a drink (5,4)
Z He ran both ends, to drink the last of ink (7)

Crossword solution 21,347
Across
1. ARAUCARIA
2. JAZZ
3. PLANT
4. FIVE
5. PEG
6. BOY
7. SHOULDER
8. BADGE
9. FIFTY
10. SIXTY
11. FIVE
12. JAZZ
13. PLANT
14. FIVE
15. PEG
16. BOY
17. SHOULDER
18. BADGE
19. FIFTY
20. SIXTY
21. FIVE
22. JAZZ
23. PLANT
24. FIVE
25. PEG
26. BOY
27. SHOULDER
28. BADGE
29. FIFTY
30. SIXTY
31. FIVE
32. JAZZ
33. PLANT
34. FIVE
35. PEG
36. BOY
37. SHOULDER
38. BADGE
39. FIFTY
40. SIXTY
41. FIVE
42. JAZZ
43. PLANT
44. FIVE
45. PEG
46. BOY
47. SHOULDER
48. BADGE
49. FIFTY
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52. JAZZ
53. PLANT
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55. PEG
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57. SHOULDER
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85. PEG
86. BOY
87. SHOULDER
88. BADGE
89. FIFTY
90. SIXTY
91. FIVE
92. JAZZ
93. PLANT
94. FIVE
95. PEG
96. BOY
97. SHOULDER
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Chess: Ljubojević-Barden

The Smith & Wigglesworth British Chess Championships have been held at the Wigglesworth Hotel in Leeds. The final round of the tournament was played on Saturday, August 7, between Ljubojević and Barden. Ljubojević won the match 2-1.

Ljubojević's victory was a significant one, as it secured his position as the champion of the tournament. Barden, who was a strong contender, was defeated in a closely fought battle. The match was a highlight of the tournament, and it was well-received by the spectators.

The tournament was a success, and it was a pleasure to see such a high level of chess being played. The players were all of a high standard, and the matches were all of a high quality. The tournament was a great success, and it was a pleasure to see such a high level of chess being played.

Bridge: ZaMarino

The ZaMarino Bridge Club has been holding a series of tournaments. The first tournament was held on Saturday, August 7, and it was a success. The club was well-represented, and the matches were all of a high quality.

The club is a well-established one, and it has a long history of success. The matches are all of a high quality, and the players are all of a high standard. The club is a great place to play bridge, and it is a pleasure to see such a high level of play.

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Brain Waves: Chris Masanka

Chris Masanka is a well-known figure in the world of brain waves. He has been studying the effects of brain waves on the human mind, and he has found some interesting results. His work has been widely reported, and it has attracted a lot of attention.

His work has been widely reported, and it has attracted a lot of attention. He has found that brain waves can be used to control the human mind, and this is a very important discovery. His work is a great contribution to the field of brain waves, and it is a pleasure to see such a high level of research.

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Wordplay: Marcel Berlins

Marcel Berlins is a well-known figure in the world of wordplay. He has been studying the effects of wordplay on the human mind, and he has found some interesting results. His work has been widely reported, and it has attracted a lot of attention.

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